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WITHERS?
POEMS.

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P O E M S

UPON VARIOUS SUBJECTS:

BY

J. R. WITHERS,

FORDHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Cambridge:

C. W. NAYLOR, PETTY CURY.

London:

WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Shapleigh

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DEDICATION.

TO MRS. ROBERT DILLAMORE FYSON,
THROUGH WHOSE UNBOUNDED KINDNESS AND GENEROUS EFFORTS
THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN ENABLED TO
PUBLISH HIS POEMS,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HER MOST OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,
J. R. WITHERS.

PREFACE.

It is the genius of the British constitution to recognize talent, and to promote its development in whatever grade of society it may be found to exist. This position is fully exemplified by the numerous instances in which individuals have emerged from obscurity, run a career of the utmost brilliancy, and realized the highest distinctions in reputation and glory, solely by the force of that inherent talent which throbbed within their breasts. The noble example thus exhibited by our constitution exercises a beneficial influence upon society at large; and, like a prodigious fountain, impels the generous principle throughout all the ramifications of our chequered humanity. In obedience to the principle thus enunciated, the Author of these poems has been raised from the deepest obscurity, and elevated to a certain position from which his future efforts may be exerted with greater promise of success. The sneer of the critic must not blight the humble aspirations of the child of nature: the eagle from its eyrie selects a victim worthy of its attack, and the ruthless hand of the spoiler must not be laid upon the productions of one whom unremitting toil and

chill penury have hitherto claimed as their own. Yet the true spirit of poetry breathes throughout the poems; and the candid reader will, by their perusal, be rewarded by an introduction to the scenes of nature, the description of which, by their simplicity and the absence of art, will command admiration.

That there are errors, we do not deny: but if a Milton and a Shakespeare can take the highest rank amongst the Poets of our country, and the intermediate space is occupied by a host of noble competitors, perhaps some humble niche in the temple of fame may be accorded even to Withers, the Poet of Fordham.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

The Author of these Poems, an humble individual, born of poor but honest parents at the village of Weston Colville, Cambridgeshire, is entirely self-taught; having never received any education beyond the teaching of his mother, from whom he learned to read and write when a child. He left his home at twelve years of age, to reside at Fordham, where he was placed by his father with a market-gardener, from whom he received no mental improvement. His father was a shoemaker when his boy was an infant; but from adverse circumstances was obliged to give up his little trade and home, to a person who had been his apprentice. After a few years, his mother had a small sum of money bequeathed to her; and she, being anxious to better the condition of her son, her only son, appropriated a share of it towards instructing him in the craft of shoemaking: but so small was the sum at her disposal, that for one year only could he be placed with his father's successor; consequently he made no great progress in the art of making shoes, and has since gained a living chiefly by mending. The chains of poverty have galled him so deeply that he has been driven with his wife and three children into the Union, refusing credit which was offered, as his fears overcame his hopes of being able to repay the debt. A small piece written whilst there will show his powers of composition under circumstances so unfavourable for composing or cultivating genius; yet he has managed to write the Book of Poems now presented to the public, relying on their kind indulgence, conscious of many errors, still trusting some merit will be discovered, to compensate the reader for the perusal.

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P O E M S.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Dear Native Village ; poor, yet dear to me,
Well pleas'd again thy smiling woods I see ;
Thy hedge-rows green beside the shady lane,
That oft' have screen'd me from the sun or rain.
Now I again behold the straw-roof'd cot,
The pile of fagots and the garden plot ;
Again I see my happy childhood's home,
Still dear to me whatever change may come.
Here was the green whereon I've often play'd,
Or sat, and caps and whips of rushes made ;

And the old gate on which we used to swing,
That old clap gate, a loved and valued thing;
How have I breathless ran to ope' thee wide,
If I by chance a coming horseman spied:
From one perhaps a penny we might gain,
Or promise of one when he came again.

Oh! years of innocence, how swift ye've sped;
Oh, days of happiness, for ever fled.
Here in this cot once lived an ancient dame,
Whose pastry through the village spread her fame:
How have I stood and look'd with longing eyes
When she display'd her prunes, her cakes, and pies.

Just down the road beside the bowling green
The weather-beaten sign post still is seen;
No artist's labour could the host afford,
But three hot horse-shoes branded on the board,
Here once a-year at what was call'd the fair,
Though horse was never bought nor cow sold there,
Here met the village youths on pleasure bent,
And the long-hoarded halfpence freely spent:

The stalls were doors placed on a barrel's head,
With cakes, and sweets, and penny whistles spread.
In the old parlour was the rustic ball,
Shone on by candles stuck against the wall;
And on the green was seen the crowded ring,
Where wrestlers tugg'd, each tried his man to fling;
And youth feels proud when age his skill approves,
Pleas'd by sore legs to win a pair of gloves.
In the old kitchen by the chimney wide,
With foaming ale in good stone mugs supplied,
The old folks talk'd of times when they were young,
And the same songs, year after year, were sung:
"Lord Bateman," "Spanking Jack," and "Black-eyed-Sue,"
"Will Watch," and "Crazy Jane," and "Bonnets o' Blue."
'Twas here the jolly hostess sat and smiled,
Whilst on the ample grate the logs were piled:
Here was the roasting jack with wheels and weights,
And on the dresser shone the pewter plates.

And still the peaceful brook doth gently run,
Now hid in shades, now sparkling in the sun;

Here are the pebbles at the bottom seen,
And on it flows o'er weeds and cresses green.
Where is the rustic bridge by which 'twas cross'd?
Alas, the plank, the rail, and stile are lost.
The foot-paths leading through the fields and grove,
Where once a careless boy I loved to rove,
Are overturn'd by the encroaching plough;
And I should trespass if I walk'd there now.
Ye fields and woods, ye haunts of early days,
Scenes of my rambles, pleasures, and my plays,
How often have I stroll'd ye round and round,
And feasted on the berries I have found.
How have I scratch'd my hands and torn my clothes,
In search of sour crabbs and jetty sloes!
And I have wander'd through the gloomy wood,
And robb'd the squirrel of his winter's food;
Or cut the sallows from the leafy shade,
And strawberry pottles of the peelings made.
Oh! when the melting fruit has met mine eyes,
My heart has bounded at the ruddy prize.

The honeysuckles flow'r that twin'd the thorn
I've carried home our cottage to adorn,
And through the house they shed their sweet perfume,
And well my mother lov'd their fragrant bloom.
My mother, oh! my mother was to me
All that a mother could or ought to be.
'Twas thou my mother taught me first to write,
And told me in my books to take delight:
Unceasing was thy love and care for me;
I all my little learning owe to thee:
The grass is growing green above thy grave,
And green the chesnut trees that o'er thee wave;
Over thy sleeping dust no tomb, no stone,
No sculptur'd marble, and thou needest none.
Thy love to me is on my mem'ry traced
In lines too deep e'er to be eras'd;
And should it be to me at last denied
To lay me down and slumber by thy side,
Yet do I hope to meet thee in the skies,
Where clouds and tempests never shall arise,
But tears be wip'd for ever from our eyes.

Near yonder mansion, belted round by trees,
Stood the old farm, so fam'd for milk and cheese ;
And from the yard on summer's morn was seen
The herd of lazy cows stroll o'er the green ;
And when the winter froze the waters o'er,
How pleas'd was I to hear the horse-pond bore :
How many sliding on that pond were found,
And many a fall and many a laugh went round ;
Sometimes the ice has broke beneath our weight,
And then we shiv'ring mourn'd our hapless fate ;
We must not then go home with dripping clothes,
And water gushing from our soddened shoes.
What's to be done? The blacksmith's shop is nigh,
We'll sit beside the fire until we're dry.
Well I remember now that old shop door,
With brands and horse nail stumps bestudded o'er,
And from the window on a winter's night
Across the road was thrown a stream of light :
I lov'd to hear the heavy anvil ring,
The roaring bellows and the workmen sing ;

The rising wreaths of smoke I lov'd to see,
Curl slowly upwards by the great ash tree ;
Nor have I yet forgot a man uncouth,
For once he put tobacco in my mouth ;
His beard unshaven and his features grim,
And ev'ry child I knew then feared him,
And noisy children oft would quiet be,
If mothers said they'd send for Dr. Key.
Where are they now? Among the things that were,
That time has pilfered from us year by year.
And when I come, I surely find removed
Some old familiar object which I loved.
The old farm-house where happy faces smiled ;
The stern old blacksmith, terror of the child,
And young companions of my early day,
Like to a pleasant stream have pass'd away.

Across that garden that was once the green,
Hem'd round with houses now and hardly seen,
Here the shoemaker plied his busy trade,
Here many pairs of heavy shoes were made.

Late through his window gleam'd his candle bright,
Then up again before the morning's light.
Here when the winter nights were dark and cold
The plough boys met, and tales of mirth were told,
And all the news and scandal of the place
Was here discuss'd with comments on each case,
Whose horses now look'd well, and whose look'd bad,
Who was a handy, who an awkward lad;
This by the plough was skill'd his bread to earn,
And this was good for nothing but the barn;
What girl had left her place and gone to town,
And who in silks and satins had come down;
She look'd so fine, and talked in such a strain,
That hardly her old friends knew her again.
Oh, that old shop, I think I see it now,
The same it was near thirty years ago;
The pots of blacking and the horns of paste,
That boys who went to sleep were forced to taste.
Oh, the mischievous tricks that here were play'd;
Sometimes the pitch has on the seats been laid,

And when they rose to go, how they would storm
To find themselves stuck fast unto the form.

Here was the cage in which the squirrel swung,
And by its side the chattering magpie hung;
And scores of ballads cleav'd against the wall,
I well remember, for I've read them all.

But many a young and many a hoary head
That once met there, are number'd with the dead.

Who is this man that comes with pace so slow,
That seems beneath a weight of years to bow?
Of all his young companions he has none,
He has outliv'd them, and he stands alone,
And like the fruit that hangs beyond it's time,
While some fall green and some in mellow prime,
Though through the naked tree the tempests blow,
Still trembling clings unto the leafless bough;
So man, tho' sorrow on his age attends
And death has taken one by one his friends,
Though health, youth, strength, and beauty all are past,
Still clings to life and hugs it to the last.

How pleasant is the lane up to the mill,
That leads to the small church below the hill ;
The banks on either side with hazels crown'd,
While creeping ivy clasps their roots around :
The spotted fern-leaves still are growing here,
And fragrant odour speaks the violet near.
Oft have I seen slow moving down this lane,
In sad procession, the dark funeral train ;
And heard the bell, first faintly on the ear,
Then loud and louder as we drew more near,
And louder yet until we trod the ground
Where sleeps the dead in graves with briars bound ;
And one just open'd, yawning to receive
Some friend belov'd for whom these mourners grieve.
I've stood upon the heap of earth and stones,
Mix'd up with fragments of long buried bones,
And thought, these all liv'd once and stood where I
Now stand perhaps, and then I heav'd a sigh,
And wept to think of man thus made to mourn,
Then pass away, his very name unknown.

Here have I seen the brown and fleshless skull—
The eyeless sockets now with dust were full,
And wonder'd who he was, and what his life :
Was he a man of peace or man of strife?
Was he some hectoring bully of the green?
Or did he love the calm and quiet scene?
Was he a man of toil, by want oppress'd,
Longing to lie down here and be at rest?
Or did he toil to get, and get to save?
His riches could not keep him from the grave!

'Tis vain to ask ; no answer will be given,
And what he was is only known in heaven.

And now, farewell, man's low and last abode ;
My course is onward down the dusty road :
Here in this meadow once the malting stood ;
And here the pathway through the fields and wood ;
And round this turning now the spot I've gained
Where noble falcons long were fed and trained—
A bird with plumage bright and eye of fire,
Once the delight of Weston's worthy squire :

Pleas'd have I stood and thought the sight quite grand,
To see him pass with hawk upon his hand ;
For well he lov'd this ancient princely sport,
Lov'd long ago by knights and dames at court.

I praise him for it, but I thank him more
For all his kindness to the village poor,
No theme more grateful could my thoughts employ,
For I have shared his favours when a boy,
And friends and kindred and my parents dead,
Were by his Christmas bounty yearly fed.

I know no village now that has such cheer
On merry Christmas as the poor have here :
Here have I seen, and 'twas a charming sight,
In ev'ry house a coal fire burning bright ;
And I have asked and have been told by all,
This is the bounteous gift of Squire Hall.
May heaven bless him, as his years increase,
And crown his latter days with joy and peace.

But now the glorious sun is sinking low,
The western clouds with gold and crimson glow,

Over the woods the evening shadows creep :
And every leaf has hushed itself to sleep :
The dew is gently falling all around :
Hark ! from the woods those thrilling notes of sound ;
It is the nightingale that all night long
Pours to the moon her strains of lonely song.

And now farewell, ye scenes of early days ;
Once more I've traced your fields and winding ways,
And though I see such changes as I go,
They're called improvements and they may be so,
Yet ev'ry stile and tree and hedge-row wild,
So dear to me when I was but a child,
Long pass'd away forgot by other men,
I want to see them as I saw them then.

But changes come to all, are come to me,
I am not now what once I used to be ;
Still the same feelings in my heart do dwell.
Home of my happy childhood, fare thee well !

S N O W—1 8 5 3.

Far, far away, in the region of storms,
Where the icebergs lift their awful forms,
Where Aurora streams in playful light,
Relieving the months of dreary night—
Where the shiv'ring Greenlander makes his home,
From the frozen north I am hither come.
I've travelled far o'er the Polar Seas
To wrap my robe round the naked trees,
To deck the wither'd wild flowers' stem
With a brilliant beautiful diadem :
And the hedges fantastic shapes assume,
Where ev'ry twig is a graceful plume.
I dance along on the laden breeze
In feath'ry flakes, like the swarming bees ;

And visit the huts of the wretched poor,
Through the shatter'd window and broken door.
I go to the tombs, and I twine a wreath
O'er the mound and the lov'd ones that sleep beneath,
So pure and white, an emblem fair
Of the robes the redeem'd in glory wear.
I crown the old ruin that stands alone,
And cling round the rudely sculptur'd stone ;
I sprinkle with gems the Christmas bough,
More bright than the sacred mistletoe ;
I spread around the young green corn
A mantle as pure as by princes worn ;
I cover the leaves that are dead and sear,
And I weave a shroud for the dying year.

CHOLERA—1853.

I'm coming, I'm coming, the scourge of mankind :
I float on the waters, I ride on the wind ;
Gaunt hunger and squalor prepare my dread way ;
In the homes of the wretched my sceptre I sway.
In filthy damp alleys and courts I reign,
O'er the dark stagnant pool and putrid drain :
I breathe on the child, and its gambols are done ;
I seize on the youth, and his beauty is gone.
The maid in her bloom, and the man in his pride,
And age in his wrinkles I lay side by side.
I take the infant to-day from the breast—
To-morrow the mother with grief distress't—
The father, with care and toil opprest,
I send the next day where the weary rest.

The dearest friends asunder I part ;
And I laugh at the skill of the healing art.
The yawning grave, and the tolling bell ;
The nightly unfollow'd funeral ;
The houses forsaken ; the grass—grown green,
Where the bounding step of health had been ;
The careworn look of many you meet,
And the mourners that go about the street,
Tell the havoc I make, for to none do I bow,
But to him who appointeth how far I shall go.

HAGAR TO ISHMAEL—Genesis, 21st Chap.

Stern the decree, my darling boy,
That drove us forth to roam
From the security and joy
Of Abra'm's tented home !
I know the blessing is to be
With Sarah's promis'd son ;
Yet thou art no less dear to me,
My slighted, banish'd one.

I saw thy father's bosom wrung,
When bidding us depart :
The harsh command was on his tongue,
But love was in his heart.

And much, my boy, he will thee miss,
Though he has Isaac now :
How fondly would he thee caress,
When skilful with thy bow.

But, oh, thy mother's anguish keen !
What grief my bosom rent !
I cast thee 'neath the leafy screen ;
Our water gone and spent ;
All succour then seem'd far from us,
And my impiety
Doubted the unfailing promise,
" A nation thou shouldst be."

But in this wilderness, my boy,
Thou'lt chase the nimble roe ;
And though thy foes may thee annoy,
They shall not thee o'erthrow.

Thy sons shall ride on horses fleet
Across the sandy waves,
Whilst Isaac's favour'd children eat
The bitter bread of slaves.

Yes; in thy mother's native land,
Upon the banks of Nile,
For ages shall huge buildings stand,
Memorials of toil:
And far away on Duras plains,
In bondage shall they be,
And mourn their lot in plaintive strains,
Whilst thine, my boy is free.

And yet I know from them will spring
Some men of noble worth—
Many a prophet, priest and king,
The glory of the earth:

And the long-promis'd Holy One,
On whom their hopes rely,
They shall revile and spit upon,
Condemn and crucify.

Ah! fearful then their city's doom—
Their temples overthrown :
Against them shall a people come
Whose name is yet unknown :
And, scatter'd over all the earth,
Dejected shall they roam,
Far from the land that gave them birth,
And call no place their home.

TO A LADY ON THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

Well hast thou chronicled the day,
Remember'd still with fond regret;
Though sixteen years have roll'd away,
A mother's heart can ne'er forget.

When last I saw the semblance dear
Of her in life thou lov'dst so well,
I mark'd affection's falling tear—
I heard the sigh thy bosom swell.

So closely twine around the heart
The chords of love, with nicest skill,
Though death the ties asunder part,
Yet memory holds the image still.

No need that she should leave behind
A gem or ring for thee to wear :
Thou canst not lose her from the mind.
For love has fix'd her tablet there.

We grieve to see our flowrets die
Beneath stern winter's cruel reign :
But under spring's more genial sky,
We hope to see them bloom again.

So those we love cannot be lost ;
They're only gone a step before :
Soon shall the stream by us be cross'd
And we shall meet to part no more.

TO THE WINDS.

Ye winds, ye winds, so wildly blowing ;
Say, where have ye been o'er the wide earth prowling ?
Or have ye in caves been sleeping ?
Or have ye been held with curb and rein,
And now have broke from your bonds again,
That thus ye are madly leaping ?

Where have ye been ? On the ocean's wave,
Curling the billows high ;
Playing with the bark so bold and brave,
Sweeping it down to a yawning grave,
Or tossing it to the sky :

Swelling the sails till their cordage brake :
Writhing the masts till they bend and creak ;
Straining the ship till she springs a leak ;
Driving her on a helpless wreck,
And hurling the men from the sloping deck :
Lashing her on to the rugged rock,
Till asunder she parts in the mighty shock,
 And scatter'd fragments rise ;
Twining the tangled seaweed there
With the drowning ship-boy's matted hair,
 And mocking his dying cries ?

Where have ye been ? O'er the crowded town,
 Rocking the taper'd spire ;
Top'ling towers and chimneys down,
 And fanning the greedy fire :
Driving away through the forest wide,
Whirling the leaves that were dead and dried,
And rending the oak in his hoary pride ;

Swaying the bearded grain,
Till it mimic'd the waves of the restless main :
Howling around the ruin'd pile,
And shrieking down the pillar'd aisle
 Like one in burning pain :
Then wailing low in hollow moan,
Sinking to rest with sigh and groan,
 And sobbing yourselves to sleep again ?

TO THE AIR.

Ye balmy zephyrs softly stealing,
Summer's burning fever healing,
Oh! tell me as ye play,
Where ye go and what ye do,
What shady woods ye wander through,
And where ye wanton stray?

We've been far away on the western main,
Bringing the bark to port again;
Gently cooling the seaman's brow,
As he look'd for the land at the vessel's prow.
We have stray'd away over clover fields,
And brought you the sweets the flowret yields;
We've softly stole through the woodbine bower,
And wafted the scent in the evening hour,

And have play'd round the cot where the wallflowers bloom,
Shedding their breath round the sick man's room,
And fanning the locks of unbound hair
Of one who watch'd by the window there :
We've scatter'd the bloom of the wild white rose,
And have shaken the dew from the pendant boughs ;
We've drawn back the curtains of mist that hung
O'er the sleeping woods, while the day was young .
We've roll'd back the clouds from the God of day,
And have stolen perfume from the fragrant May ;
We've dried the tear in the daisy's eye,
And the cowslips have bow'd as we pass'd them by ;
We've stray'd through the shades where the primrose dwells,
And have tinkled the foxglove's fairy bells :
We bring to the ear the hum of the bees,
And melody wake in the sighing trees.
The peaceful chimes of the Sabbath morn,
And the echoing sounds of the huntsman's horn,
And every sound to mem'ry dear,
We bring and pour on the list'ning ear.

TO THE GALES.

Ye gentle gales of spring, I love ye well,
So softly, balmy breathing o'er the earth,
Shaking the trembling snowdrop's pensive head;
Chasing the April clouds along the sky,
Whose shadows flit across the young green blade.

Ye summer breezes, when the sun's fierce rays
Have brown'd my cheek amongst the ripening corn,
How often have I woo'd your kind embrace,
And bared my head that ye might kiss my brow!
And ye have come and wrapt around me like
A cooling robe, as at the sultry noon
I've ta'en my meals beneath some shady tree.
How gently have ye fann'd me with your wings,
And whisper'd music in the drowsy leaves.

I love ye in your roughest mood, ye winds,
And have stood in reverential awe when
Ye have brought the black brow'd thunder cloud with
Lightning, hail, and rain; and bow'd the tree tops
As ye pass'd along. Ye waken feelings
That I love should wake, when fall the autumn
Leaves. Now singly, slowly, one by one they
Drop; and now in fitful rage ye blustering
Come, and sweep whole thousands in your wrath away.

I love your mournful melancholy wail
On winter evenings in the chimney top :
And when at night I sleepless lie, ye rock
My bed, and howl to force an entrance at
The door. I love ye though you're grown so rude,
Though your very play is rough, your voice to
Me is musical, now piping shrill the
Highest treble notes, now growling low the
Deepest sounding bass : yet do I love ye still.

THE STREAMLET.

Stay, little gliding streamlet, stay!
Why in such haste do'st thou pass away?
Why do'st thou leave the shade of the willows,
To lose thyself in the ocean's billows?
Say, oh, say,
Where do'st thou stray;
And why in such haste do'st thou pass away?

I was born of the ocean's urn,
And wrapt in a cloudy veil;
I was cradled on high where the sunbeams burn,
And I rode on the stormy gale:
But it was decreed I should back return,
'Ere I dropp'd in the grassy dale.

I sprung at first from the boundless main,
And I hasten to his embrace again.

As Time rolls on to Eternity,
As upwards soars the trembling flame,
As man to the earth from whence he came,
So I must return to my parent sea.

Saw ye the bow with its colours blended,
Like a triumphal arch when I first descended?
Oh, 'twas a glorious sight to see
How the thirsty soil it welcom'd me :
The trees put on a greener hue,
And the violet smiled with a deeper blue,
The buds their infant leaves unroll'd,
And the meadows were bright with their cups of gold.

It was not alone that I came hither ;
My sisters they ran from the sloping hills,
And gladly united again together,
We form'd ourselves into little rills,

And wander'd about I know not whither,
Sporting with daisies and daffodils:
But with this charge as we onward flow,
To leave a blessing where'er we go.

Through dusky woods unseen we roam,
Or laugh in the light of day;
We pass by the door of the peasant's home,
And around his garden play:
We lave the walls of the princely dome,
Yet they tempt us not to stay;
Still onward and onward, we know no rest
Till we sink again on our parent's breast.

We journey on in little bands
Through the sunny field and shady nook;
We wander around where the ruin stands
In many a winding turn and crook,
Till meeting again we join our hands,
And flow in a gentle peaceful brook;

D

And the willows bend their heads as we pass
To view themselves in our crystal glass.

And have ye not seen on our bosom glide
The swan that arches his neck with pride,
Sailing along with form so light,
Where the mill wheel dashes the spray as white,
Where we swell and foam if long detain'd,
And the faster flow when our freedom's gain'd?
Still onward we flow where the aspen leaves quiver,
Till we join in the stream of the wide-rolling river,
Where the fisherman plies his tiny boat,
And slowly the deep-laden barges float:
Our sides now are fringed with sedges and reeds,
And the trout glides swiftly through feathery weeds.

Now lifting their heads, as our bosom heaves,
The white lillies rock on their broad green leaves,
Like beautiful stars on the edge of the stream,
When their petals they spread in the morning's beam,

Admir'd by all who pass along,
And immortal made by the poet's song,
A name that defies both time and death,
Which Cowper has twined in his fadeless wreath.

Now wider and deeper our channels are grown,
We swell the trade of the busy town :
We have met with the bark from the crowded Tyne,
And our waters are mix'd with a dash of brine.
Hark! hark! 'tis the voice of our father and friend;
We are near, we are near to our journey's end ;
A few more leagues, and our toil is done :
They are pass'd, they are pass'd, and our goal is won.
Our task it is o'er; we're return'd again
To be absorb'd in the boundless main.

SWEETS OF LIFE.


Sweet is the breath of early morn,
When birds awake and sing ;
And sweet the dew upon the thorn
That wets the linnet's wing.
Sweet is the shade of spreading trees
At noonday's sultry hour ;
And sweetly steals the evening's breeze
Across the beans in flow'r.

'Tis sweet to wander by the side
Of softly-flowing rills ;
And sweet to tread the common wide,
Or climb the verdant hills.
'Tis sweet to rest when labour's done
Within your own arm-chair ;
And sweet to call a home your own,
And feel your heart is there.

'Tis sweet to sit on winter's, night
 When fast the snow descends,
Beside the fire burning bright,
 With books and welcome friends.
'Tis sweet to think where'er we rove
 We still to some are dear ;
And sweet to dream of those we love—
 To wake, and find them near.

'Tis sweet through flow'ry vales to hear
 The sound of merry bells ;
And sweetly falls upon the ear
 The music of the dells.
Sweet is the distant shepherd's song,
 And sweet the wild bees' hum ;
And sweet the ringdove's notes along
 The silent valleys come.

When troubles come, oh ! then 'tis sweet,
 When Faith and Hope decline,
To find a heart whose pulses beat
 In unison with mine.



'Tis sweet in sorrow's heavy hour

Thus near a friend to be ;

And sweet, oh ! sweet, thy balmy pow'r,

Thou heav'n-born sympathy.

'Tis sweet to bind the broken heart—

To dry the tearful eye—

To bid the canker care depart,

And check the rising sigh—

To take the fallen by the hand—

The wand'rer to reclaim—

To hide a fault, and never brand

A weaker neighbour's name.

'Tis sweet to bid the mourner hope—

Look for a brighter day ;

To lift the weak and helpless up,

And help them on their way ;

Some kind and cheering aid to lend

To him who stands alone,

Who but for some kind valu'd friend
Had liv'd and died unknown.

'Tis sweet to feel, though low my name,
And poor my lot beside,
For I have neither wealth nor fame
Among the sons of pride;
Yet I have friends who on me smile,
From whom I much receive—
Friends who would not my hopes beguile,
Nor flatter to deceive.

'Tis sweet to come before my God,
And bend in humble pray'r;
'Tis sweet to read his written word,
And find this promise there—
He will not turn away his face
When I for mercy plead;
He will not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break a bruised reed.

MEMORY.

Oh ! memory, a touch how slight
Will wake thy chords to joy or pain :
A flow'r, a tune, a sound, or sight,
Bring back my boyhood's days again.
I close mine eyes, and seem to see
The fields, the woods, where once I stray'd
The paths through meadows dear to me,
The green, the spreading chestnut tree,
Round which I often play'd.

I seem again to sit beside
My mother, on her lowly hearth,
Ere I the hollow world had tried,
Or rankling passions had their birth.
And yet I felt a pensiveness,
A something that I can't express,

E'en in my earliest years;
For the first violets that I've seen
In spring peep from their leaves of green
Have fill'd mine eyes with tears.

I lov'd to sit on winter nights,
To hear the tales of wand'ring sprites,
When winds howl'd at the door;
Of piercing shrieks and dismal groans,
Till I fancied I heard unearthly moans
In the night wind's wailing roar.

I lov'd to hear of ruin'd halls,
Of roofless castles, ivy'd walls,
And abbeyes lone and drear;
Of frowning rocks, and haunted glens,
Of commons bleak, and boggy fens,
Where Will-o'-Wisps appear.

And, standing by the streamlet's side,
Have seen upon its bosom glide
Something I call'd a boat;

And have seen strange shapes in clouds afar,
As onward they drove their airy car,
As ships on ocean float.

Oh! memory, thou bring'st to mind
Scenes pass'd away with fond regret,
With all my youthful follies join'd,
And things that I would fain forget:
But wizard-like, thou wav'st thy hand,
And call'st them and they come;
Thou rear'st aloft thy potent wand,
And forth they come at thy command,
From dark oblivion's tomb.

'Tis not enough that I must bear
My daily lot of grief; but thou
Bring'st back from buried years their share,
And crowd'st them in this little "now."

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Hope for the best,
Ye poor and opprest ;
Let not despair ever enter your breast.
Though this day is gloomy, the next may be bright,
The dawn ever follows the darkness of night,
From the black thunder cloud come the flashes of light.
Hope for the best !

Hope for the best,
Ye toilers distrest ;
The time it shall come when the weary shall rest.
Though care be a burden, and life is a load,
And long be your journey, and rough be your road,
Yet onward and upward, still trusting in God—
Hope for the best !

Hope for the best,
Ye of little possess'd,
Nor envy the man whom the world has caressed ;
For fortune is fickle, 'tis very well known ;
Her wheel it is turning and rolling her stone,
And you may go upward, though now you are down—
Hope for the best !

Hope for the best.
For you soon shall be blest,
Though tempests and storms on your frail bark have pressed,
The port is in view ; you are gaining it fast,
And when on that shore you are landed at last,
With joy you'll look back on the dangers you've past—
Hope for the best !

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

There is a little feeble worm,
Unseen amid the blaze of day;
But when the shades of evening come,
It shows a tiny ray.

The mistletoe upon the thorn
In summer is not seen;
But when no leaves the tree adorn,
It shows a lively green.

The brightest glance is just before
Death dims the beaming eye;
And when the scowling tempests low'r,
The rainbow spans the sky.

From flowers that we heedless crush
The sweetest scents are giv'n;
And from the broken heart will gush
The pray'r that reaches Heav'n.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROY'D.

A humble flow'r, long, long had been
By wild weeds overgrown,
And by the world was little seen—
It liv'd almost unknown :
It had no fellowship with those
With whom it's lot was cast ;
They could not share it's secret woes,
Or screen it from the blast.

The winter's storms around it play'd,
And blasted all it plann'd ;
And poverty upon it laid
It's chill and icy hand.
The cheering rays of early spring
That all rejoice to see
To it no joys or peace could bring—
It yearn'd for sympathy.

It said with a dejected mien,
And heavy tearful eye,
Why was I born to blush unseen,
And almost wish to die?
Why, why those thoughts I cannot quell,
Those dreams that come to me,
If I'm for ever doom'd to dwell
In this obscurity?

I envy not the tulip's bloom,
Or lily's spotless vest;
I covet not the sweet perfume
With which the rose is blest:
It is not that more favored flow'rs
The world delights to kiss;
I'm fed by sunshine and by show'rs:
Oh no, it is not this.

It is that I shall pass away,
And leave no name behind,

A melancholy day by day
Still preying on my mind—
To feel the tear of anguish start,
And no consoling word ;
To know that sickness of the heart
That springs from hope deferr'd.

Year after year thus came and went,
And still it struggled on ;
The spark divine, by Heaven lent,
Was nearly quenched and gone :
The hungry vulture, black despair,
That on the wretched feeds,
And thorns around it every where,
Had choked the better seeds.

Some kind and gentle ones at last,
That saw it pine and droop,
Around it their protection cast,
And bid it live and hope :

They plucked away the rankling thorn,
And cleared the tangled maze,
And taught the heart so long forlorn
To look for brighter days.

They raised it from its lowly bed,
And tended it with care,
And showered favours on its head,
And smiled away despair.
Again it feels its powers renewed,
Such kindness to receive ;
And silent scents of gratitude
Are all it has to give.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD,

(Job, chapter 22nd, verse 21st.)

Acquaint thyself with Him,
And peace shall be thine,
Thou dejected and sad,
Who in secret dost pine,
Though thy heart be bow'd down,
As thy troubles increase,
Acquaint thyself with Him,
And thou shalt have peace.

Creation before thee
Is spread like a book,
From the deep rolling sea
To the murmuring brook:
On each of his works
His name it doth shine—

Acquaint thyself with Him,
And peace shall be thine.

He gave thee the flowers
That the meadows adorn;
The hills and the valleys
He covers with corn.
He gave thee thy fruits,
Thy flocks and their fleece—
Acquaint thyself with Him,
And thou shalt have peace.

Consider the lilies
That bloom but to die,
And the fowls of the air—
Who their wants doth supply?
And can he forget thee
Whose soul is divine?
Acquaint thyself with Him,
And peace shall be thine.

Oh, ye who still doubt
What to-morrow may prove,
Go read in His word
This great promise of love,
That seed time and harvest
Are never to cease—
Acquaint thyself with Him,
And thou shalt have peace.

Ye seekers of pleasure
Who wander from God;
Ye mourners who grieve
Under sin's heavy load,
'Tis writ for your comfort
In many a line—
Acquaint thyself with Him,
And peace shall be thine.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A
JOY FOR EVER.

'Tis not alone the song of bard
That's poetry to me,
But things that many disregard,
The field, the flow'r, the tree,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Within this world of ours,
The dewy morning's rosy light,
And evening's silent hours.

I read it in the starry sky,
And through unbounded space ;
And on the painted butterfly
The mystic name I trace :
I see it by the hedge-row side,
And in the poplar tall,

The oak that throws its branches wide,
And ivy on the wall.

I hear it in the hoarse low moan
Of ocean's restless billow,
And in the soft and soothing tone
Breath'd from the weeping willow:
I hear it when the wild storm-king
Rides howling o'er the earth;
And in the hum of insect wing,
And cricket on the hearth.

I see it in the early spring,
When opes the snowdrop white,
And birds in ev'ry thicket sing,
And buttercups are bright:
I find it in some lowly vale
Where grows the daisy wild,
In violet blue, and primrose pale,
And in the laughing child.

And when the summer sun is high,
I've found it in the shade,
Where cooling waters wander'd by,
And dancing shadows play'd :
The clacking mill upon the brook,
The sight of lambs at play,
The clamour of the noisy rook,
And scent of new-mown hay.

I find it 'mong the golden sheaves,
And fruits of autumn brown ;
The melancholy falling leaves,
And sailing thistle down ;
The sunburnt reapers gay and blythe,
And gleaners as they roam ;
The ringing of the whetted scythe,
And merry harvest-home.

I see it in the spotless snow,
Spread over hill and plain,

When winter's hands strange pictures throw
Upon my window pane :
The song and tale of olden times
Around the yule-log bright ;
The carol and the merry chimes
Of happy Christmas night.

I see it in the thousand dyes
With which the earth is dress'd ;
I feel it in the thoughts that rise
That cannot be express'd :
I've something left of Paradise,
Whilst this to me is giv'n,
To lift my heart above the skies,
For well 'tis known in Heav'n.

FINGAL'S LAMENT OVER OSCAR.

From the First Book of Temora.

Thou art fall'n, O Oscar; thy locks they are gory;
The hearts of the aged beat sad over thee:
Thou art fall'n, O youth, in the spring of thy glory,
And hast left us to mourn what thou promis'd to be.

Oh! when shall joy at Selma dwell?
Oh! when shall Morven smile again?
Thy deeds in arms the bards shall tell,
And Cana's maids lament thee slain.

Oh! sadly I see my sons round me falling;
Fingal the last of his race will be:
I vainly in age on friends shall be calling,
My fame pass away as the mist o'er the sea.

I shall sit in my lonely hall :

Weep, ye sons of Morven, weep !

No more the sounds of war shall call

My Oscar from his lasting sleep.

Oh ! never again shall I hear thy returning,

In the sound of thine arms when the mighty ones fell :

No more shalt thou come to the oaks brightly burning,

Or sit with thy friends at the feast of the shell.

How long in Erin shall we mourn,

Or on Moilena pour our tears ?

The valiant must to dust return—

Where are the chiefs of by-gone years ?

Ye warriors, oh, where are your fathers of old ?

They have set like the stars that have over us shone ;

And thus pass away all the brave and the bold,

But in songs of the bards ever lives their renown.

My days of years begin to fail ;
The vigour of my arm is gone :
My fathers bend from their clouds to hail
And to receive their grey hair'd son.

But before I go hence, one beam of valor bright,
My days shall end as my years began in fame ;
My life shall be one glorious stream of light,
And bards of other times shall sing my name.

The moss is on thy four grey stones ;
No more thou'lt chase the dark brown hinds :
The grass is growing o'er thy bones,
And mournful sweep the wailing winds.

RETIREMENT.

Oh, had I a cot in some lonely dell,
Far, far removed from noise and strife,
Where calm and quiet love to dwell,
Contented could I pass my life.
A tinkling rill
From the sloping hill
Its drowsy sounds on mine ear should pour ;
And the wild woodbine
Should the rose entwine,
And shade the porch of my cottage door.

And I would watch where the primrose springs
When winter's snows depart,
When smiling nature gladsome flings
A sunshine on the heart.

I would pluck the boughs,
Of the blossom'd sloes,
That come ere the young leaves dare appear;
And the catkins of gold
From the hazels old
With their tassels adorn the infant year.

I would mark when buds of the chestnut burst,
And the crumpled leaves had birth;
I would search where the summer flowers first
Spring up from the bright green earth:
And the dewy lawn
Of early morn
Should show the trace of roving feet:
When the sun was high
In the shade I'd lie,
Or the yielding moss should be my seat.

Where the ivy clings round the old oak tree,
And the blackbird builds her nest,

And gnats are dancing merrily
As the day sinks down to rest,
Well pleas'd would I hear
In the evening clear
The distant shout of children's glee,
Whilst the leafy shade
When the day beams fade
O'ershadows my head like a canopy.

When the bird of darkness spreads her wings
Beneath the moon's pale glance,
And the dewdrops gem the dark green rings
Where the elves and fairies dance ;
And Philomel
Her plaintive tale
To the list'ning night in the woods should tell,
Oh, then would I rove
Through the silent grove,
Whilst Ariel sleeps in the cowslip's bell.

ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

My child, thou art gone, thou art taken away ;

Thou now art consign'd to the cold silent tomb :

And shall I regret that so short was thy stay,

When thou art remov'd from the evil to come ?

I did hope that my troubles, my sorrows, and cares,

Thou would'st soothe by thy fondness and gently assuage,

And have been to me all I could ask in my prayers,

To cheer and support in the weakness of age.

How fondly I've look'd on those features delighted,

When in childish simplicity sweetly she smiled ;

But this flower, alas ! by stern death was soon blighted,

And green grass waves over the grave of my child.

I have stood by the bedside of friends when afflicted ;
I have seen a fond mother sink silent in death ;
But could not, Oh ! could not, feel half so affected,
As when this belov'd one resign'd her last breath.

But she's gone from this world, where I'm still left to err,
From its pains and false pleasures for ever she's free :
And this is my hope, I shall go unto her,
For I know that she cannot return unto me.

"Thy will be done," Lord, I still wish to say,
Though a task very hard for frail flesh and blood :
'Tis Thou that hast given and taken away,
And blessed for ever be the name of the Lord.

OH, DO NOT BID ME SING.

Oh! do not do not bid me sing
Those songs I sung in days gone by;
You do not know the pain they bring
To hear their simple melody.
They bring before me laughing eyes
That now are sleeping in the tomb,
And fill my soul with memories
Of early friends and early home.

Those songs I sung when I was gay,
Nor thought this world a world of strife,
When roses seem'd to strew my way,
And all unknown the thorns of life:
But I have sadly learn'd since then
That youth is but a pleasing dream,
That friendships warm, the boast of men,
Are scarcely ever what they seem.

Ah! I have chas'd a phantom light
In search of pleasures never found,
And brought upon my heart a blight,
Leaning on reeds that broke to wound:
I've dream'd of things I ne'er shall reach,
And built on hopes that can't endure—
Have sought the knowledge follies teach,
That charm, but leave the mind impure.

Yet why should I thy pleasures mar,
And o'er thy sunshine cast a shade?
Thy rosy wreath is better far
Than mine, of mournful cypress made.
Then be ye happy while ye may,
And never heed my gloomy sorrow;
Enjoy the pleasures of to-day,
And trust the mercies of to-morrow.

SHAKSPERE'S CHARACTERS.

Thou bard of Avon, giant mind,
I feel thy spells around me creep ;
Thy genius free and unconfin'd
"Call'd spirits from the vasty deep."
Obedient to thy teeming thought
Were earth and air and seas ;
Thou rifled'st all, and lessons taught
From rocks and brooks and trees.

The heart's deep hidden feelings,
The passions soft or stern,
Sweet mercy's kind revealings,
And Love's more gentle dealings,

And all the flames that burn
In wayward man,
'Tis thine to scan ;
His hopes and fears,
His smiles and tears,
The jealous pangs that rend his breast,
Ambition's ruthless restless fires,
Revenge's scorching fierce desires,
And sorrows keen and guilt unblest.

Thou stretchest thy wand and bringest before me,
The heroes of Rome in the pride of their glory ;
The haughty Cæsar's tragic end,
The stoic Brutus hard to bend,
And Egypt's fair bewitching Queen :
She now her Anthony does clasp,
And watches now his dying gasp ;
Now fortune's sliding from her grasp ;
Shall she in Rome be seen,

To grace her victor's triumph there,
To be the scorn of chaster dames?
No, no; she will defeat their aims.

“Haste, haste, my maidens, bring the asp;
Place it my breasts between;
This dull gross world I'm leaving fast,
My soul is on the wing at last
To mix with lighter air.”

What man or what monster is this that appears,
Like a mountain of flesh, full of vices as years?
'Tis Falstaff, I know by his wit and his whim;
And the mirth loving Hal too, and Pistol and Nim.
The charges of cowardice well he refutes
When describing the men in their buckram suits.
So firm in the battle thou stood'st like a rock;
How long wast thou fighting by Shrewsbury clock?
But from this old adage would'st never depart—
“Discretion of valour is the better part.”

In long array I see bright forms before me move ;
The witty Rosalind, and she who never told her love ;
 And Beatrice with satire keen
 A wordy war will wage ;
The fondly trusting Imogene,
 And sweet, Ah ! sweet Ann Page.
Portia and Jessica, beings of gladness,
The ill-fated Juliet, whose love led to sadness,
And Ophelia, so beautiful even in madness.

Oh ! lay me by some purling stream,
And let me realize thy dream
Of the fairies and elves in the moonlight gleam.
 Here they come tripping,
 Bounding and skipping ;
 The tapers are glancing,
 No reptile advancing ;
The winds are all hush'd whilst they featly are dancing,

Hand in hand nimbly round in a ring,
As light as the down of the gossamer wing :
They bend not the flowers as onward they pass,
Or sweep the bright beads from the dew sprinkled grass ;
Nor leave they a print of their footsteps behind :
They are born of a thought and but people the mind.

Who is this with magic power ?

The banish'd Duke of fair Milan.

Call thy Ariel from his bower,

Where he sleeps in the cowslip's flower ;

Bid the murky tempest lour :

Spirits obey thee, thou mighty man,

And the half-human Caliban.

See where he stalks with measur'd tread,

The ghost of the murder'd Dane :

And Banquo, rising from the dead,

Before the guilt-struck Thane.

And who is this? The fiend-like quean,
Who tried in vain her hand to clean;
But the spot was on her heart and brain,
Nor could ocean's waves wash it out again.

Thou brings't to mine ear
The ravings of Lear,
And Arthur's plaintive moans
From the gloomy tower,
At the midnight hour,
The Prince's smother'd groans:
And the Thane of Fife
For his murder'd wife,
And his butcher'd little ones;
And Gloucester's wiles
And lurking smiles,
O'er his victim Henry's bones:
With Margaret's curses loud and deep,
And Rutland's dying scream:
With Richard's mutterings in his sleep,
And Clarence's troubled dream.

See where he stands, unmov'd by prayer
Of friendship warm and fond,
And deaf to all the pleadings, there
He stands upon his bond :

Unfeeling Jew,
Come take thy due,
But not one jot beyond ;
No drop of gore,
And take no more,
But just the even pound.

But who comes here? A grave unto a soul,
Holding the imprison'd spirit 'gainst her will ;
Mark, how the waves of anguish o'er her roll :

Oh ! canst thou teach this sorrow how to kill ?
I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;

Oh ! that these hands could so redeem my son :
Oh ! Philip, Lewis, had these woes been thine,
I could have counsel'd better than you've done.

Thou ever strong upon the strongest side,
Oh! Austria, Austria, how thy glory dims :
For shame, for shame ; go doff that Lion's hide,
" And hang a Calfskin on thy recreant limbs."

Hark! the martial trumpets sounding :
Lo! she comes on her white steed bounding,
In armour drest,
With plume and crest,
And banner that the Pope had blest.
She leads to the siege her army on ;
'Tis Orleans' maid, the holy Joan.
But soon, Oh, soon, from her height she fell :
And hark! oh, hark to the brutal yell :
They accuse her now of charm and spell,
And the red flames play round La Pucelle.

Come, look on fall'n splendour,
The man who once was great ;

And if thy heart be tender,
Thou wilt bemoan his fate.
Is this the man who held the helm?
Is this the man who sway'd the realm,
And nobles groan'd beneath his rod?
Now slighted, scorn'd by all, forsaken,
Hear him now his heart is broken—
“Oh, had I serv'd my God!”

But who comes here? The noble Moor;
And Desdemona ever kind;
And Iago base, well skill'd to pour
The jealous poison in his mind.
Farewell the camp and tented field,
The drum, the trump, the sword, and shield;
My race of glory's run:
Farewell! The sound of war's alarms
No more shall call me forth to arms—
“Othello's occupation's gone.”

Dimly as through a mist I see
The witches' unholy rite ;
And nightly round the forest tree,
Old Herne, the hunter sprite :
I trace the spots where thy fancy play'd,
And the places by thee immortal made :
The Rialto of Venice,
The Senate of Rome,
The Boar's head in East Cheap,
The Capulet's tomb,
And Dover's rugged cliffs that frown,
Where the blind old man thought to cast him down.

Oh, mighty, mighty wizard, well worthy of thy fame,
Thou gav'st to airy nothing a *locale* and a name.
"The cloud-capt towers," the palace gay,
Shall fall by time's strong lever ;
The solemn temple must decay,
But mind shall last for ever.

TO A LITTLE WILD FLOWER.

And art thou peeping out again,
Thou little pure and spotless gem?
I feel that I can scarce refrain
From plucking off thy slender stem.
Yet why should I thy life destroy,
Though many rude enough are found
To snatch thee for a moment's joy,
Then cast thee with'ring on the ground?

The winds of March are blowing chill,
But yet thou comest at thy time;
And shelter'd by thy native hill,
Thou brav'st the season and the clime.
Oh! could I humbly learn from thee
To stand unshrinking to the last,
To fill the place assign'd for me,
Nor murmur though the storm should blast!

Contented on the sunny bank,
Year after year thou mak'st thy home ;
Unlike to some of higher rank,
Thou want'st no change nor wish'st to roam ;
Just glancing from thy hiding place,
This unfrequented rural spot,
As I have seen some happy face
Peep smiling from an ivy'd cot.

Thy life is short, for soon, oh, soon,
Thy tiny leaves will scatter'd lie ;
And why not, since the flowers of June
In summer's heat more quickly die ?
Thy lot is but the lot of all,
So short our bloom, so frail our breath :
May I like thee as gently fall,
As uncomplaining sink in death.

S L E E P L E S S N E S S.

Wearisome nights are appointed to me :
The moon is shining cold and lonely ;
 On all around does silence creep ;
The slumbering world have left me only,
 To wake and watch and wish for sleep.
And through my narrow window light
I see the stars that twinkle bright,
 Go slowly, slowly, by :
I hear the solemn midnight toll ;
I hear the mournful moping owl
 Scream o'er the barn-roof nigh ;
I hear the watch dog's dismal howl,
 With still unclosed eye.

Of those around me peaceful lying,

I hear the heaving heavy breath,

As if I lay among the dying,

For sleep a shadow is of death.

Oh! come and press these eyelids down,

Come and my weary senses drown

In sweet forgetfulness ;

Come and compose this restless mind,

Let me in thee a refuge find

From all the day's distress ;

This tangled web of thought unwind,

That causes wakefulness.

AFFECTION'S OFFERING,
FROM A GRANDSON AT THE GRAVE OF A BELOVED
GRANDMOTHER.

And art thou here, thus lowly laid
My almost mother—more than friend?
Oh! Death, thou hast sad havoc made;
Thou ev'ry day some tie dost rend.
Mine eyes ne'er wept for many years,
Have look'd upon the stormy wave,
And long have hoarded up the tears
That now I shed upon thy grave.

I'll pluck the daisies (childhood's flow'r)
From off the sod that covers thee;
In distant lands they'll have the pow'r
To bring thee to my memory:

G

Nor shalt thou sleep forgot, unknown,
Among the slighted nameless dead;
Affection rears this simple stone,
To mark thy narrow lowly bed.

Yes, other climes my cheek have tann'd,
And time has thinn'd and bleach'd my hair,
Since last thou took'st me by the hand,
And led me to the house of pray'r:
To sail since then o'er many seas,
Through calms and storms, has been my lot;
'Neath suns that scorch and winds that freeze,
Yet still I never thee forgot.

Farewell, my friends; again we've met:
I never more this place may view;
Ye twine around my feelings yet;
'Tis painful thus to bid adieu.

Farewell; again I leave this shore,
The wide Atlantic main to roam;
I'll think of you when billows roar,
My much lov'd friends and early home.

Epitaph.

In memory of thy loving care,
That still within my bosom lives,
Affection bids me drop a tear,
And gratitude this offering gives.

TO THE MOON.

"The Moon through all her reign
Has held a lamp to what?"

Thou pale cold Moon, whose silver light
Is shining with unclouded rays,
That dazzle not the aching sight
Like Sol's meridian blaze :
Uncheck'd I gaze upon thy face,
Thou mild and gentle Queen,
As moving with majestic pace,
So smiling and serene.

Oh! couldst thou tell the scenes of woe
That thou hast witness'd since thy birth,
From Earth's creation up till now—
The marks of blood upon the earth

That man has left; the tears and groans
From rifled homes and pillaged towns;
The infant's cries, the widow's moans,
Where war's black demon frowns!

How long shall man his brother fight,
And bear the guilty brand of Cain?
When shall he claim but just his right,
And universal concord reign?
Oh! when shalt thou look down and see
This jarring world at peace?
See diff'rent climes and creeds agree,
And strife and tumult cease?

Slowly thou driv'st thy gliding car,
And scatter'st light on field and flood:
Thou saw'st the waves at Trafalgar,
And Navarino stain'd with blood;

And Alexander's proud arrays ;
And Hannibal and Scipio :—
Thou saw'st the Cæsar's crimson'd ways,
And Agincourt, and Waterloo.

Dost thou not see thy emblem shine
On mosque, and minaret, and tower ;
The Christian cross and crescent join,
To check the Czar's encroaching pow'r ?
Perhaps amongst the warlike ranks
Thou look'st on thousands soon to die ;
E'en now perhaps on Danube's banks
The dead and dying scatter'd lie.

Are there not in the heathen world
Dark places fill'd with cruelty ?
Hast thou not seen the smoke that curl'd
From altars of obscurity ?

Didst thou not look on Moloch's rites
In Tophet's gloomy vale?
The Druid's grove has shown thee sights
That made thy cheek more pale.

How often hast thou seen thy face
In Eastern Ganges' sacred stream,
And watch'd some mother's frantic pace,
And heard the infant's scream?
Then saw that mother madly fling
The victim in the wave,
Believing by that offering
Her own dark soul to save.

And thou hast peer'd through dungeon bars,
And seen the tortur'd wretches there,
And seen those fiend Inquisitors
Their flesh with pincers tear.

Sad was the agonizing groan
And shriek of burning pain,
That echo'd round the walls of stone,
With cries for help in vain.

Hast thou not seen upon the rack
The quiv'ring limb, the bloodshot eye—
Life nearly gone, again call'd back,
Kept in to feel more agony?
Vainly they wish'd and pray'd for death,
Till dragg'd into the scorching flame,
The soul escap'd with parting breath,
Crown'd with a martyr's name.

Oh ! thou hast blush'd for fallen man,
And veil'd thy face in sable clouds,
Whilst superstition over-ran
The world ; and servile crowds

Have crawl'd and fawn'd in mental night,
And bent to juggling priests the knee,
Who would not come unto the light,
And wish'd not to be free.

Is there, fair moon, no thing that thou
With sympathy canst look upon?
There is, there is; yes, even now
Thou see'st some lonely one:
Thou shinest on the fallen tear
On some poor mourner's cheek,
Who feels his heart is fetter'd here,
Yet longs its bonds to break.

How still and solemn is the night!
How calm, how lovely is the scene!
The fruit-trees spread their blossoms white,
The thorn again is green.

Oh! did not sin the spirit damp,
And chain it to this low abode,
Thy ever friendly silver lamp
Would light it up to God.

The winds are hush'd; 'tis silence all
Around; the tremb'ling leaves are still,
I only hear the water-fall
That tumbles by the mill,
Save now and then the night bird's scream,
A moment breaks this silent reign,
Like splash of pebble in a stream—
Then all is still again.

The village now is sunk in sleep,
And man forgets the world in dreams;
Yet some there are who wake and weep,
And watch thy watery beams;

For thou recallest scenes so sad

With friends that we no more shall see,
Some scatter'd wide or lowly laid,
No more with us to be.

The night is waning fast away :

'Tis time that I should seek my rest ;
And thou, pale Moon, whilst here I stay
Art sinking in the west.

And hark ! I hear the solemn bell

Proclaim the hour of night's dull noon :
Ye lonely walks, awhile farewell—
Farewell, thou pensive Moon !

TO A VERY KIND FRIEND.

Warm in thy friendship, in thy faith sincere,
With ready hand to wipe the falling tear;
Eager to aid and succour the distress,
And blessing others, thou thyself art blest.
When want and sickness pinch the suff'ring poor,
Oft have I seen them laden leave thy door;
And seen the comforts that thy bounty shed
Cheer and revive the weak and languid head.
Oh! doubly blest art thou, for gracious Heaven
To thee the heart as well as means hath given.
"Who giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord,"
And He in Heav'n shall give them their reward:
Yea, even now within their breast they prove
The peace that flows from charity and love.
Oh! charity, thy reign shall still increase;
Thou shalt survive when faith and hope shall cease.

Well known to thee are sad bereavements here,
For thou hast mourn'd o'er those to thee most dear,
Beside the grave of buried hopes hast stood,
And sought a solace since, in doing good.
The marble tablets in the church declare
How much thou mad'st the House of God thy care;
And a neat stone shows near the sacred spot
That faithful services were not forgot.
When the devouring flames that lately spread
Had robb'd the poor of homes, of clothes, and bread,
Thou waited'st not to hear their tales of grief,
Ere pity prompted thee to give relief.
Oh! sympathy, what wounds thy presence heals;
Thou feel'st a part of all thy neighbour feels,
And gratitude for favours kindly given
In holy incense wafts thy name to Heaven.
When merry Christmas spreads the rich man's feast,
From the highways and lanes thou call'st thy guest,
Following the customs of the good old time,
Ere poverty was thought almost a crime.

To lighten sorrow was thy chief employ,
And many a widow's heart has sung for joy,
And hoary-headed men forgot their years,
Talk'd, laugh'd, and sung, and banish'd all their cares :
To all their songs and tales thou gav'st thine ear,
And hearty welcome made the feast to cheer.

In after years some grey-hair'd man shall stand
Beside thy tomb, and hold his grandson's hand,
And bid him read thy name upon the stone :
The boy shall speak the letters one by one,
And ask whose name it spells, and he will say,
" One not to be forgotten, though away :
'Tis to her bounty I my learning owe ;
She sent me to that school where you go now :
To her I owe this comfort of my age,
The reading of the Bible's sacred page :
On Monday mornings, whether warm or cool,
We throng'd her door for money for our school :

I well remember she would pat my head,
And smile to hear the progress I had made."

Accept this tribute, trifle 'though it be,
For many favours kindly shown to me:
Long be thy life, and when thy sand is run,
May thou be blest to hear those words, "Well done!
Thou hast been faithful—taste thy rich reward,
And dwell for ever near and with thy Lord."

SABLE CLOUDS WITH SILVER
LININGS.

What if this storm and tempest-tost—
This rack'd and restless mind,
For ever thus be doom'd to crave,
And yet no comfort find?

I cannot live on bread alone :
Of this I have my fill ;
And had I all the world could give,
The mind is vacant still.

A something undefin'd I want,
Of which I'm not possest ;
A longing after happiness—
A yearning after rest.

My passions lead me far away
From Heaven's blest abode,
And sin's black gulph is yawning wide
Between my soul and God.

Suppose that I should cease to be,
When I resign my breath,
And have no share in endless life,
Nor taste eternal death:

I cannot bear the thought that I
Must die—no more to be:
To sink in dreary nothingness
Is horrible to me.

With all the cares of mortal life,
Are we but bubbles made in vain—
Born but to mourn, and toil, and die,
And then for ever sleep again?

H

And shall I thus be tantalized,
And all I learn from youth to age
Be only wisdom's A, B, C,
Then death for ever close the page?

To sleep in dull forgetfulness—
I cannot, dare not, think 'tis so ;
Annihilation chills me more
Than hazard of eternal woe.

What if I keep my consciousness
And mem'ry, who can tell
These self-tormenting thoughts may be
My everlasting hell?

Oh ! if this soul must live and think,
And feel unpardon'd sin,
No matter where its place may be,
It carries hell within.

What if the empty aching void,
That nothing satisfies,
Be the first gnawings of the worm ·
That never, never dies !

This thirst for something unattained,
And these unslak'd desires,
Be the beginning of the pains
Of never-ending fires !

To carry like the wounded deer
The rankling venom'd dart—
To feel through all eternity
This vulture of the heart—

To wander through untrodden space,
A wreck'd and lonely thing,
Yet curs't with everlasting thoughts,
And each of them a sting !

Thou know'st, my Father and my God,
The pangs that rend my breast ;
And thou hast told me in thy Word
That this is not my rest.

The world, polluted and defil'd,
My ev'ry action stains ;
Yet may I build upon the hope
That still a rest remains.

Father, regard a sinful worm :
I bow before thy throne ;
My soul relies upon thy love,
And trusts in thee alone.

SOLITUDE THE BEST SOCIETY.

I was not form'd to stem the tide,
Or ride the stormy waves of strife;
My little bark can only glide
Along the shallow streams of life.
Whilst bolder spirits fearless roam,
And ocean's wildest tracks explore,
I linger like a drone at home,
And play with pebbles on the shore.
Whilst some are proudly gaining
A name for valiant deeds,
Here lonely I only
Gather shells and weeds.

I was not form'd to push my way,
Or hoard up gold in store,
To swell my treasures day by day,
And worship tinsel ore.

I see that all are not content,
Where Fortune's gifts are hurl'd;
And I'm too weak and indolent
To battle with the world.
Whilst many men are storing
Their heaps of glittering dross,
Adoring, I'm poring
O'er flowers, leaves, and moss.

Why is it I would rather walk
With nature all alone,
Than sit and hear the idle talk
Of others or mine own?
I was not made for festive joys,
To join the boist'rous midnight throng;
No, rather let me, free from noise,
Be lull'd by nature's sweeter song.
Let others call it pleasure
To have their senses drown'd;
I wander and ponder
Where cheaper joys are found.

I lie me down beneath this tree,
And hear the blackbird sing;
I ask no other company
Than what the Muses bring :
I am not lonely, for I feel
A love for scenes like these,
And dreamy voices to me steal,
Low whisperings through the trees.
I'm free from all distraction
Down in this lonely glen,
The bustling and jostling
Of busy plodding men.

I know 'tis call'd a weakness
'Gainst which I ought to strive;
And if I had less meekness,
Perhaps should better thrive.
Why should I feel so shrinking,
So timid and unwise,
Whilst many men unthinking
By boldness gain the prize?

I see them how they toil and scheme,
And plan from day to day;
By grove and stream I muse and dream,
Thus pass my time away.

I would not be a senseless clod
To only eat and sleep :
Thou knowest me, my Father God,
Though I can only creep.
Towards thee still my heart doth tend
Though press'd with sorrow down ;
To thee, my everlasting friend,
Are all its struggles known.
Let bold blind bigots wrangle,
And think they only see,
I care not, I fear not,
I dare to hope in Thee.

THE GLEAM THROUGH THE
WINDOW.

Thou beacon of welcome, so steadily burning,
 Throwing thy light over mountain and moor;
How cheering art thou to the peasant returning
 At night as he's seeking his own cottage door!

Thou tell'st him that comforts for him are preparing,
 That he with a home and a shelter is blest;
And, guided by thee, he is joyfully steering
 To repose after toil in a haven of rest.

How gladly he enters that snug humble dwelling,
And wearily loosens the shoes from his feet,
Whilst his children come round him, their simple tales telling,
And health and content make his scant supper sweet.

But careful and frugal, no late hours keeping,
For toiling all day in the cold he has been,
Now on his hard bed he soundly is sleeping,
And the light from the window no longer is seen.

ADDRESSED TO A STONE HEAD
ON A STEEPLE.

Oh! what hast thou seen, with thine eyes of stone,

In this world of hope and fears?

Come, tell me what thou hast look'd upon

For these many many years.

Say, hast thou heard Earth's children moan,

And seen their falling tears?

I've look'd up to thee on a summer's day,

As I've stood by an open grave,

And have seen around thee the lightning play,

Heard the howling tempest rave,

With the same fix'd look on thy face so grey,

As if thou the whole would'st brave.

And hast thou not seen from thy dizzy height,
 The young and the blushing bride,
 And gazed on the proud and fond delight
 Of the husband by her side?
 Now thou lookest unmov'd on the tomb so white,
 That tells us when she died.

And hast thou not seen the mourners come,
 And bow at the Holy Shrine,
 To struggle and pray in their night of gloom
 For a ray of the light divine?
 Now coldly thou look'st on their long last home,
 And soon may look on mine.

THE ANSWER.

Child of the earth, more frail than I,
How vain are the things you trust :
Whate'er your name or fame may be,
Yet come to this you must :
The very man that fashion'd me
Is lost in his kindred dust.

I've seen the hearse, with its sable plume,
Beside the pauper's bier ;
That brought the rich from a splendid home,
This came from a cottage near ;
For one was rear'd a marble tomb,
But both are equal here.

I've look'd on the man who felt too proud
To kneel in the house of prayer ;
On the man also who humbly bow'd,
To seek a blessing there :
Now both are mould'ring in the shroud,
And their spirits are gone—but where ?

Go, read the name on the mossy stone,
And think of thy life's short span ;
The very dust thou tread'st upon
Was men ere your life began :
They liv'd and died, and to dust are gone,
And such is the lot of man.

PASSING AWAY.

Passing away!

This order of nature all things must obey;
The brooks and the streams that go warbling by;
The torrents that roared till their channels were dry;
I ask'd where they went, and they made this reply—

Passing away.

Passing away!

Where are the beautiful flowers of May?
One morning I saw them, their bright colours spread;
I sought them next day and their beauty was fled,
And a voice seem'd to come from each drooping head—

Passing away.

Passing away !

The cuckoo and swallow no longer will stay ;
I hear not thy song now among the green leaves,
Nor the twittering notes 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And I think as I look where the nest it still cleaves—

Passing away.

Passing away !

The innocent pleasures of youth's early day,
I see them now merrily play on the green
At the very same sports as time back I have been,
And have sigh'd to myself as I look'd on the scene—

Passing away.

Passing away !

The hair that was dark is now turning grey.
Oh, grasp not the world, thou art leaving it fast ;
And soon will the strength of thy manhood be past :
What said the sand when thou turnd'st the glass last ?

Passing away.

Passing away!

Where are your fathers, ye children of clay?

Go, walk in the grave-yard, the hillocks will tell:

And hark to that sound—'tis the funeral knell;

And this is the theme of that slow tolling bell—

Passing away.

HAPPY HOME.

LINES COMPOSED FOR A CHILD TO REPEAT AT

A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

My home, my home, my happy home !

Oh, how my God provides for mé,
Whilst many hapless children roam
In wretchedness and poverty.

For me my God my food prepares,
And fresh supplies each morning come :
He keeps me from a thousand snares,
And gives me such a happy home.

Oh, when I think of distant lands,
How many little children there
With none to take them by the hand,
And lead them to the house of Prayer:

While I have teachers kind and good,
And I can to Thy temple come,
And sing Thy praise, and hear Thy word—
I thank Thee for a Christian home.

And there's a home beyond the sky,
Where all is love, and joy, and peace—
Where tears are wiped from ev'ry eye,
And sin and pain and sorrow cease.

Oh, may I give my heart to Thee,
Nor ever from Thy precepts roam,

From ev'ry sin and sorrow flee,
That I may gain that blissful home!

And when at last—for I must die—
I leave this world and sin behind,
Then to Thy bosom may I fly,
And there my rest and refuge find.

And in that great and dreadful day,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
When Heaven and Earth shall flee away,
Then take me to Thy glorious home!

THE POND IN THE MEADOW.

Oh, well I remember the pond in the meadow,
Surrounded by bushes and weeds rank and green,
Where a few stunted trees waved their branches together,
And form'd o'er the dark stagnant water a screen.

And strange were the tales of the pond in the meadow,
And eager we listen'd with eyes open'd wide
To these tales often told by poor Mary the Widow,
Who liv'd in a cottage the meadow beside.

Play not, my dear boys, near the pond in the meadow ;
The mermaid is waiting to pull you beneath :
Climb not for a bird's nest, the bough it may sliver,
And the mermaid will drag you to darkness and death.

I've ventur'd to look in the pond in the meadow,
When the leaves they were green and summer's sun bright ;
But thoughts of the mermaid then filled me with terror,
Nor dare I have look'd in the darkness of night.

I look now in vain for the pond in the meadow :
The bushes and weeds and the trees are cut down,
And children now fearless the buttercups gather,
For the pond is fill'd up and the mermaid is gone.

THE FIRE OF STICKS.

I sat by the fire, 'twas late in the night,
And wanted a subject on which I could write:
Not one could I find that had not been used,
And my mind was a chaos, confusion confused.
The shadows fantasticly danc'd on the wall,
Now dwind'ling short and now shooting up tall;
They would fade and then glow—diverge and then mix,
By the flick'ring light of my fire of sticks.

The storm-spirit hoarsely was wailing aloud,
And a spectral form seem'd to ride on each cloud:
'Twas just such a night as the old folks declare
The witches are charter'd to ride on the air:
And I thought of the tales I had heard in my youth,
The time when I never once doubted their truth:

Oh, how these old tales on the memory fix,
And they all are reviv'd by this fire of sticks.

Ye witches of Scotland, who danc'd on the heath,
Who tempted to crime the once noble Macbeth,
So wild and so weird, so unearthly ye seem'd,
That the Thane stood amaz'd and thought that he dream'd :
Ye who danc'd round the cauldron, and sang "bubble, bubble,"
With spells and with charms working both mischief and trouble,
Had ye liv'd in the time of your Jamie the sixth,
He'd have roasted you all in a fire of sticks.

And history tells us, in ages gone by,
That men for their faith have dared bravely to die,
After bearing all tortures the body could feel
By the screw, and the scourge, the rack, and the wheel :
If Smithfield could speak, what a tale would it tell
Of torments inflicted by agents of Hell,
For Bonner was truly a tool of old Nick's,
And Mary delighted in fires of sticks.

A fire of sticks was the pride and the joy
Of my earlier days, when a bird-scaring boy :
How dull, drear, and heavy, the hours dragged by ;
How slowly the sun seem'd to travel the sky ;
How pleas'd have I watch'd high over my head,
The rooks and the crows winging homeward to bed :
I gather'd the sloes from the hedges and quicks,
And roasted the crabs by my fire of sticks.

Oh, well I remember the shelter I made,
And the knife that I had with a ricketty blade,
The books that I read, and the songs that I learned,
And the hat that was bought with the money I earned :
Oh, the whistles I made till I blister'd my hand,
And the mills of sear hemlock I stuck on the land ;
But in spite of the scratches from briars and pricks,
I lov'd and do still love my fire of sticks.

I remember the gipsies that lay in the lane ;
I have pass'd at a distance again and again,

So eager to see them, yet timid and shy,
For their dogs look'd so fierce that I fear'd to go nigh;
The bare-footed children were playing around,
The men dark and surly were stretch'd on the ground,
The women, so famous for juggling tricks,
Were boiling the pot o'er a fire of sticks.

How I love the bright glow of a fire like this;
There's music to me in its crackle and hiss:
From the ends of the brands the sap it is oozing,
And near in the warmth the old cat lies dozing:
Not a sound in the street, not a footstep about
I hear, but the wind that is howling without;
Within not a sound but the clock's measur'd ticks,
And the snaps and the cracks of my fire of sticks.

Thus often I've sat when no one was near,
With Othello or Richard, with Hamlet or Lear,
And with Thompson and Milton, Cowper and Young,
And many a poem and many a song,

And tales of the giants in castles so old,
And fairies and spectres, and warriors so bold,
Or books of philosophy, Newton's or Dick's—
I've por'd over all by a fire of sticks.

I have read long ago of a poor aged dame,
Who liv'd all alone; Goody Blake was her name:
Her cottage it stood by the side of a hill,
And she broke all the hedges of young Harry Gill.
The farmer he threaten'd if he could but catch her,
He'd give her a shaking; so one night he watch'd her:
He hid himself closely behind his corn ricks,
Till Goody should come for the bundle of sticks.

Not long had he waited, when old Goody Blake
Crept down by the hedge and pull'd stake after stake:
He sprang out upon her, and holding her fast,
He shook her and cried, "you are taken at last."
She fell on her knees, as he grasped her arm,
And pray'd that he never again might be warm:

'Tis said that he gave her some rude blows and kicks,
But was never more warm'd by a fire of sticks.

Thus night after night, as I'm sitting alone,
My thoughts wander back to the days that are gone:
I call back the faces of some pass'd away,
Who faded and fell like the flowers in May.
But my candle consum'd tells the hour is late;
My fire is smould'ring low in the grate;
No longer it plays on the walls or the bricks,
So here is an end of my fire of sticks.

WHY DON'T HE KEEP TO HIS WORD.

The time is gone by that he promis'd to come:

Ah, why does he tarry so late?

The ground it is damp, and my feet are quite numb,

Thus waiting so long at the gate.

The sun has long set; aye, and yonder's the moon,

Now rising so red and so broad:

I know I shall feel very angry soon;

Why cannot he keep to his word?

I had finish'd my work, and put on my gown,

By the time he said he'd be here;

And, tired of waiting, I sat myself down,

With a book in the old elbow chair.

But what I was reading I'm sure I don't know,

For my thoughts were wand'ring abroad:

I feel so bewildered and wretched—heigh ho!

If men would but keep to their word!

I went to the window again and again,

But nobody coming could see;

Then I heard some one whistling down in the lane,

And I thought it was certainly he:

So I ran down the garden, determin'd to scold

At behaviour so strange and absurd;

But 'twas only the shepherd-boy come from the fold—

I wish men would keep to their word.

I know what is said in the village by some,

And constancy dwells but with few;

'Tis said that he walks with that dress-maker home:

I now quite believe it is true,

She stays rather late, then pretends she's afraid,

To be all alone on the road;

I can't bear the sight of the artful young jade,

'Tis through her he don't keep to his word.

I liked not what pass'd at our last Christmas dance ;
The whispers, the nod and the smile ;
And their meeting last Sunday—he said was by chance ;
But she waited, I know, at the stile,
I'll hear no excuses the next time we meet,
For I'll let him know all that I've heard ;
And I'll tell him I've done with his tales of deceit :
But then should I keep to my word ?

I really don't know if he comes that I should,
For we all are so given to err ;
I would walk with him now down the street, if I could,
Yes, just out of spite unto her.
My mind is so harrass'd, my head is perplex'd,
My heart flutters now like a bird :
He told me he'd marry at Midsummer next ;
Now I hope he will keep to his word.

TEA - TABLE TALK.

"Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

In the nook of a garden, by a wide-spreading yew,
A stingy old nettle and dockweed once grew;
They were sipping the dew, and between you and me,
They mix'd it with scandal as ladies do tea.
"I can't think, my dear Dock," the old Nettle began,
"Why the Rose has been always a favourite with man;
Her breath's very sweet, we all must allow it;
And true she has beauty, and does most truly know it:
But then she's so vain she thinks all must adore her,
And all such as we must fall down before her.
Her greatest delight's, you may see by her eye,
To be fondled and kiss'd by each fop passing by;

Her dress is the oddest that ever was seen,
To wear in July a Moss Victorine!"

"Whilst little Miss Snowdrop," replied Madam Dock,
"Comes out in the frost in a white muslin frock;
And though she's so modest, and hangs down her head,
Young Crocus and she were caught both in one bed.
And that little Minx too, so sickly and pale,
You know whom I mean, dear, Miss Lill of the Vale
So shy and retired, all her company shun,
So modest and humble you'd think her a nun;
Yet her I once saw, and it augur'd no good,
Standing tete-a-tete with old Solemn Monkshood:
And though she was screened by her green parasol,
I saw how she slyly peep'd under his cowl.
Then there's Madam Poppy, so vulgar and red,
How gaily and gaudy she dresses her head;
She always looks sleepy, and most people think,
And I quite believe it, she's given to drink.
She appears very grand since she's been living here,
But her friends have been poor for many a year,

And for dealers in Opium were always suspected,
And some were beheaded and after dissected;
They always have been to low practices leaning,
For they dwelt in the corn-fields when Ruth went a-gleaning.
You know Mrs. Pansy, with her dark velvet hood,
With a face like to some you see carv'd out in wood;
I hear that she's lately come out in great state,
And quite has forgotten the old garden gate.
And Lady Jonquille, with her fine formal frill,
Last week she lay in with a young Daffodil.
Do you hear if Miss Dahlia has got a new dress,
To appear at the shew? She cannot do less;
And though she has dresses of every hue,
She is sighing and pining to have one of blue.
You know that Miss Marigold, down at the hall,
Has at last got a suitor so slender and tall;
He has been in the army, old Hollyhock's son,
And has plenty of pride, though money he's none;
He holds up his head, as much as to say,
'Look at me, I'm monarch of all I survey.'

Poor thing she is proud of this young dandy sir ;
She looks up to him, he down upon her :
He is tall, young, and handsome, and dresses quite dashing ;
She is dumpy and plain, and not at all catching :
He wears his hair long, with his hat just stuck on it,
Whilst Mary has on her old bright yellow bonnet.
'Tis a wonder he took up with one that's so old,
But 'tis not poor Mary he wants, but her gold.
Madam Tulip last Sunday was splendidly dress'd ;
But then, dear, her character's none of the best :
She is painted and powder'd, but smell of her breath,
I am sure it would make you sick nigh unto death."
"Well, now then, I'll tell you a capital joke,"
Mrs. Nettle replied, and she laugh'd as she spoke ;
"There's old Dolly Daisy, that lives in the dell,
Has a daughter who's gone with my Lady to dwell ;
She calls herself now by a high sounding name,
You would scarcely believe that from field-work she came ;
She'd a sister, you know, overturned by the plough,
When Bobby Burns blubber'd and made such ado.

Old Wormwood he told me whilst drinking his purl,
He never had known such a whimsical girl;
And I'm sure we so laugh'd till nigh losing our senses,
To hear her address'd as Miss Bellis Perennis.
And there's those Geraniums, a proud idle set;
Whilst we are abroad in the cold and the wet,
They dress themselves out in pink, scarlet, and white,
And stare out of the windows from morning till night.
Last week Madam Rose had a party so grand,
They kept it up late, too, as I understand.
The Pinks and Carnations, and young Picotees,
The Larkspurs, and Tulips, and single Sweetpeas;
I ne'er knew a party so jumbled together;
There was old Bonny Broom, and young Highland Heather,
And a Lady from town they call London Pride,
The Stocks and the Rockets, and many beside;
Oh, that moustach'd Frenchman, young Fleur de Luce,
With a sword by his side dress'd in purple and blue;
The gay and the young, the aged and bent,
Old Convolvulus lean'd on his stick as he went;
And Miss Violet was there with her dress of blue;

Young Thyme was her lover, but he prov'd untrue,
For she lost him and had to come home with old Rue.
Those delicate gentry that come from abroad,
I know they are glad of their bed and their board;
They boast of the sunshine of Naples and Rome,
If they don't like our climate, why not stay at home?
Our land's overrun by such strangers as these,
By singers, and danciers, and poor refugees :
Only think how our language is broken and mall'd,
And to hear now what jaw-twisting names they are call'd ;
There's the Cactus and Fuchsias, Hyacinths, Cinerarias,
And Petunias, Rhododendrons, and brown Calceolarias,
Amaranthus Campanulas, Ficaria Coronillas,
Fritillarias, Oleanders, Aloes, Gintinellas,
Antirrhinums and Myrtles, and the De'il knows what;
If I had my will, they should all go to pot,
For I will be bound if their right names were known,
They'd be something as common as Smith, Jones, and Brown.
But 'tis time to be going; the moon's shining bright,
And I cannot bear scandal.

Good night, Ma'am good night."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It stood down in a shady lane,
With docks and nettles round ;
And through the broken window pane
The bats a passage found.

The lonely owl there spread her wing
In search of rat or mouse :
With wailings loud the wind would sing
Around the haunted house.

The walls were low ; the rotten thatch
With moss was overgrown,
And red and rusty was the latch—
The threshold broke and gone.

Many who pass'd at evening felt
A superstitious dread,
For gossips tell that there once dwelt
Those men who stole the dead.

And many fearful tales are told
By some who once lived there,
That make the hearers' blood run cold,
And children gape and stare—

How in the deep and lone midnight,
(The time when spirits come,)
Some awful spectre, all in white,
Has glided through the room :

And how the tables, chairs, and tongs,
The cups, and plates, and pans,
Have rattl'd, crack'd, and crash'd, and rung,
Untouch'd by human hands.

And children from their moonlight play,
Or evening school let loose,
Have hurried home another way,
To shun the haunted house.

The haunted house is now pull'd down,
Yet boys remember well:
The place with grass is overgrown,
But they the spot can tell.

And though no vestige of the cot
Will evermore be found,
Yet still they point unto the spot,
And call it haunted ground.

THE SONG OF THE INCENDIARY.

When the wind is loud, and the night is dark,
And the village is hush'd in the arms of sleep,
And no one near my steps to mark,

Then away from my home I slyly creep :

To the barn I glide,

On the windward side,

Where the roof slopes low with its crispy thatch :

There's no one near ;

There's nought to fear,

And now for the coal or the silent match.

'Tis done, 'tis done, and the flames ascend ;

Wider they spread and higher they rise :

Then stealthily home my course I bend,

While the red glow lights the surrounding skies :

And I join in the throng
As they sweep along,
And I shout as loud as the loudest there ;
And the sleepers awake,
Who fear and quake,
And can see to dress in the ruddy glare.

Hark, hark, to the mournful low of the cattle ;
And list to the poultry's fearful scream :
I love the noise, the confusion, and rattle
Of crackling rafter and falling beam.
To stack and shed
The flames they spread ;
I joy as the fire flakes upward fly :
And I love to hear
That no water is near,
And I grin with delight when the pumps are dry.

Oh, I love to see on every tree
The bright flames playing far and wide,

Making the darkness of night to flee,
And revealing the things that night would hide.
See, see, how they fall
On the old Church wall,
And gild the vane on the old grey tower;
And dance round the bed
Of the sleeping dead—
You may read their names at the midnight hour.

Some love to read of murmuring rills,
And shady lanes, and flowery vales,
And waving woods, and sunny hills:
To me there's no charm in such flimsy tales.
The volcano's frown,
And the burning town,
These, these are the themes that never tire:
And the auto de fe,
And the wild suttee,
And my very dreams are of smoke and fire.

WRITTEN FROM NEWMARKET UNION,

TO MY SISTER AT CAMBRIDGE, 1846.

Since I cannot, dear sister, with you hold communion,
I'll give you a sketch of our life in the Union.

But how to begin I don't know, I declare :

Let me see ; well, the first is our grand bill of fare.

We've skilley for breakfast ; at night bread and cheese,

And we eat it, and then go to bed if we please.

Two days in the week we've puddings for dinner,

And two we have broth so like water, but thinner ;

Two meat and potatoes, of this none to spare ;

One day bread and cheese—and this is our fare.

And now then my clothes I will try to pourtray :

They're made of coarse cloth, and the colour is grey ;

My jacket and waistcoat don't fit me at all ;

My shirt is too short, or else I am too tall ;

My shoes are not pairs, though of course I have two,
They are down at the heel, and my stockings are blue.

But what shall I say of the things they call breeches?
Why mine are so large they'd have fitted John Fitches.
John Fitches, you'll say, well, pray who was he?
Why one of the fattest men I ever did see.
To be well understood, dear, they ought to be seen;
Neither breeches nor trowsers, but something between;
And though they're so large, you'll remember, I beg,
That they're low on the waist and high on the leg.

And no braces allowed me—oh dear, oh dear!
We are each other's glass, so I know I look queer.
A sort of Scotch bonnet we wear on our heads;
And I sleep in a room where there're just fourteen beds:
Some are sleeping, some snoring, some talking, some playing,
Some fighting, some swearing, but very few praying.

Here are nine at a time who work on the mill;
We take it by turns, so it never stands still:
A half hour each gang, 'tis not very hard,
And when we are off we can walk in the yard.

We have nurseries here, where the children are crying;
And hospitals too for the sick and the dying.

But I must not forget to record in my verse,
All who die here are honor'd to ride in a hearse.
I sometimes look up to the bit of blue sky
High over my head, with a tear in my eye,
Surrounded by walls that are too high to climb,
Confin'd as a felon without any crime;
Not a field, not a house, not a hedge can I see—
Not a plant, not a flower, not a brush nor a tree,
Except a geranium or two that appear
At the governor's window, to smile even here.

But I find I am got too pathetic by half,
And my object was only to cause you to laugh;
So my love to yourself, your husband and daughter,
I'll drink to your health in a tin of cold water:
Of course, we've no wine, no porter nor beer,
So you see that we all are teetotallers here.

THE SWING IN THE BARN.

Oh, the swing in the barn
On a dull rainy day,
When the ground was too wet
With our marbles to play—
Oh, the noise and the glee,
And the fame we could earn,
If we kick'd the high beam
On the swing in the barn.

I have swung in the boats
At the feast or the fair;
I've been whirl'd in the roundabouts
High in the air;
I have sought other pleasures,
But never could learn
A game that would please
Like the swing in the barn.

As older I grew
I have sought for delight,
Where music and revelry
Wasted the night;
But conscience condemn'd me
In accents so stern,
And I thought with regret
On the swing in the barn.

The gamester may hazard
His hundreds in play;
The racer may squander
His thousands away;
The hunter may ride
Over bush, brake, and fern;
Yet dearer than all was
The swing in the barn.

THE TALL RUSSIAN CZAR.

A PARODY ON YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, the bold Russian Czar is come out of the north :
He rode through St. Petersburg foaming with wrath ;
And, save his own subjects, he allies had none,
But he stood in his pride against Europe alone.
So despotic in peace, such a devil in war,
There ne'er was a man like the bold Russian Czar.

He staid not for treaty ; his heart it was stone :
He cross'd the wide Danube where ford there was none,
And says he, "I'll press on to the Sultan's own gate,
And the French and the English will just come too late ;
For these infidel Turks, they know little of war,
And they'll soon fall a prey to the bold Russian Czar."

L

But the news it soon echo'd through senate and hall,
Among Britons and Frenchmen and Austrians and all;
And they wielded the pen ere they took up the sword,
Whilst poor craven Prussia said never a word—
“We wish now for peace, but are ready for war;
Come tell us your object, you bold Russian Czar.”

“My power is slighted, my claims are denied;
I have broken no faith, let whatever betide;
And all that I want is that subjects of mine
May worship in peace at the Greeks' holy shrine:
My dominions are greater than others by far,
And I covet no more,” said the tall Russian Czar.

“If they all come against me, I won't give it up,
But I'll lull them awhile with the Circean cup.
They may write, they may plead, and the Quakers may sigh,
And I'll answer them kindly—but that's all my eye.
I'll enter Wallachia ere the armies can bar,
And Constantinople shall yield to the Czar.”

So stately his form and so scowling his face,
His counsellors fear'd they should get in disgrace ;
For he growl'd like a bear at all in the room,
And Nesselrode shook from his spurs to his plume,
And thought to himself it were better by far
To be any thing else than a slave to the Czar.

But he ventur'd to whisper at last in his ear,
"The British and French in the Baltic are near."
So quick to his feet the Emperor sprung,
So quick o'er the saddle his long leg he flung ;
"Hark, the drum : they are come, but I fear not a scar ;
They'll have sharp work to win," said the tall Russian Czar.

Then Napier and Omer the battle began ;
Circassians and Cossacks they rode and they ran ;
There was storming and fighting by land and by sea,
For the Bear and the Lion will never agree ;
For the Lion is noble in peace or in war,
And a surly old bear is the tall Russian Czar.

TO SPRING.

Sweet balmy Spring again is come ;
Then why should I feel cold and chill?
There's music in the wild bee's hum,
And yet my heart is heavy still.
The flow'rs that used to make me glad,
That once I lov'd to look upon,
Now only wake remembrance sad
Of days for ever gone.

How beautiful on yonder bough
Is spread the blossom'd fragrant May,
So pure as if the fall'n snow
Had lodg'd on ev'ry bending spray:

If but a bird the thicket shakes,
Or breeze but softly wanders past,
The ground is strewn with snow-like flakes,
Too frail and fair to last.

Amongst those weeds so tall and rank,
Some flow'rets bloom and die unseen;
And here upon this shaded bank
The moss puts on a brighter green:
Unharm'd by winter's frozen breath,
The daisies whiten all the plain;
But hearts and hopes once crush'd by death
Will never bloom again.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Oh! holy words to childhood given;
Now many anxious days have fled
Since first I breath'd this prayer to Heav'n.
No sleepless nights, no restless care,
But gentle peace my pillow spread,
And morning light renew'd the prayer,
"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Why should I crave forbidden things,
When nature's wants are all supplied?
The Idol gold has often wings,
And flies and leaves the sons of pride.

Contented with my humble lot,
And in the path of duty led,
Oh! Father, bless my lowly cot,
And give me still my daily bread.

Thou know'st in youth's delirious dreams
My heart has wander'd far from thee,
And drank of sin's polluted streams,
And chos'n that husks my food should be.
Hast thou not bid me leave the mire,
And poured thy blessings on my head,
And bid my heart to thee aspire,
Nor hast withheld my daily bread?

How doth the world divide my heart,
And draw the larger share from thee!
Yet merciful and kind thou art,
And still thy goodness follows me.

Thy providence my life attends ;
 Whilst many want I'm daily fed ;
'Tis thou who giv'st me health and friends,
 And daily hope and daily bread.

Oh ! Father, teach me to adore
 Thee, for thy mercies still renew'd ;
To all thy gifts yet add one more—
 A heart of truthful gratitude.
Oh ! could I feel as when a child
 Each morn I left my early bed,
And breathe this prayer as undefil'd,
 " Give us this day our daily bread ! "

TO MY KIND PATRONESS,
MRS. ROBERT DILLAMORE FYSON,

FORDHAM, MAY 22, 1854.

May hope's bright beam for ever cheer thee,
And calm and quiet be thy rest ;
May no misfortune e'er come near thee,
Or gloomy cares thy peace molest.

Whate'er on earth thou dost desire
That would thy happiness increase,
May Heaven grant thy wish entire,
And give thee everlasting peace.

Could wishes pay thee back the debt—
The boundless debt I owe to thee,
Then should'st thou ev'ry grief forget,
And life be all felicity.

But words are weak, nor can I tell
The hidden heartfelt gratitude,
The thanks that in my bosom dwell
For all thy kind solicitude.

Hast thou not seen on winter's day
The streamlet bound in icy death?
No ripples on the surface play,
Yet still the current flows beneath:

But when its frozen fetters melt,
It pours its infant tide along,
And grateful for the warmth it felt,
It warbles forth a louder song.

Forbid me not the pleasing theme:
I owe my first release to thee,
For I was as a frozen stream,
And thou wast as the sun to me.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN ON A
MICROSCOPE.

Believe me, dear Sir, that hope is a glass
That magnifies pleasures to youth's ardent eyes ;
But experience will teach you, as onward you pass,
To see them in truth as to colour and size.

In thy journey through life, little hillocks of trouble
Will rise on thy pathway ; but never despair,
They're Optics illusive that make their height double :
Press on, and you'll find them not what they appear.

A tuft of green moss is a forest of trees ;
And a poor little fly is a monstrous thing ;
And beautiful plumes you may see if you please,
Though only the dust on the butterfly's wing.

Whene'er you examine an insect or flower,
The simplest leaf or the tiniest grain,
Then think of the wisdom, the skill, and the power,
And goodness of Him who made nothing in vain.

TO THE HONEY-SUCKLE.

Come, trailing Woodbine, let me sing of thee :

How sweet thy breath upon the breeze is borne ;
The careless butterfly and frugal bee
Sip draughts of nectar from thy plenteous horn.

I love to see thee under cottage eaves,
Screening the lowly door from sun or rain ;
And when the evening zephyrs fan thy leaves,
Nodding and peeping through the diamond pane.

Thou wast my favorite when a moody boy ;
I lov'd thy early opening purple buds ;
They spake to me of spring, of peace and joy,
And wild anemones in shady woods.

I love to see thee on hedgerows creeping,
Hanging on rugged thorn thy fragrant wreath,
Emblem of innocence by sorrow sleeping,
Where cuckoo-pints and bluebells hide beneath :

Twining the hazel in thy fond embrace,
And clamb'ring upwards to its topmost boughs ;
Or with the wild clematis interlace,
Or weaving chaplets with the canker-rose.

When age or blight hath made the hawthorn wither,
Thou crown'st with garlands still his lifeless head,
Linking the green and sear in love together,
Like fond affections clinging round the dead.

Weak in thyself, thou ask'st support in friends,
Or crawling abject on the ground thou'dst be,
And for the favours shown dost make amends
By pouring odour on the scentless tree.

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING RISING
AT THE BACK OF THE ABBEY.

I know a stream, a little stream,
That sparkles in the morning's beam :
Its tiny tinkling braided wave
The shining pebble doth gently lave ;
The rushes tall on either shore
At places nearly arch it o'er.
So narrow 'tis that if they please
Children may bound across at ease ;
And here and there a wild white rose
Along the em'rald margin grows ;
Forget-me-nots of azure blue,
And buttercups of golden hue,
And daisies fair of silver light,
Those stars of earth with rays so bright,

The primrose pale with modest head,
And poppies drest in showy red,
The cranesbill too in pinky vest,
And orchises in purple drest;
Wild mints here yield their fragrant scents,
And bindweed twines the feath'ry bents;
The pimpernel that shuts its eye
When clouds o'ercast the morning sky;
The thistle bold his head uprears,
And arms himself with thousand spears,
And gives the winds his downy seeds,
'Midst serrated sedge and slender reeds.
Where the spring rises clear and cool
It spreads into a wider pool:
Here have I gather'd cresses green,
And pleas'd the bubbling water seen.
Grass-hoppers too all summer long
Are chirping merrily their song.
The swallow swift in noiseless flight
Just skims the crystal surface slight;

And dragon-flies of gauzy wings
Flit round and round in mazy rings ;
And many gorgeous butterflies,
Whose tints eclipse the Tyrian dyes ;
Here gay and gaudy flatters one,
And shows his colours to the sun ;
This wears the primrose modest hue,
Another bright cerulean blue,
So beautiful to fancy's eye
It seem'd a violet floating by.
And thus for years, thou, little rill,
Hast flow'd so clear, art flowing still.
Oh, could my life whilst here I stray
As calm and peaceful pass away !
I love to ramble by thy side,
And watch thy gentle current glide
So calmly thou pursu'st thy way,
No torrents roar, no foaming spray,
No rushing falls with deaf'ning noise,
But lulling sounds of quiet joys.

M

Thy mission here is man to bless ;
Thy course one stream of usefulness.
Here many sons of toil ere now
Have quench'd their thirst and cool'd their brow !
Yes, I have lain upon thy bank,
And welcome draughts from thee have drank,
Or trac'd the ridges in thy sand,
And felt thy ripples bathe my hand,
Which for a moment caus'd a stain—
The next, and thou wast clear again.
Just where thou leav'st the shady wood,
Before thou'rt lost in river's flood,
I've mark'd a worn and mossy stone :
The hands that placed it there are gone.
Here maiden blythe and sober dame
To fill their pitchers daily came ;
They're pass'd away, but thou, sweet rill,
Art chiming thine own music still.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was a boy, oh! when I was a boy,
And play'd with my hoop, or my top, or my toy,
In sunshine or pleasure my time pass'd away;
I lay down to sleep, and I wak'd up to play:
I knew not the care that on manhood attends,
But thought the whole world must be made up of friends;
And Hope spread her pictures my fancy to charm:
How bright were the prospects, the colours how warm.
With roses and flowers of every hue
She artfully hid all the thorns from my view:
Oh, Hope, thou deceiver, I cling to thee yet,
Though often have tried thee and found thee a cheat.
Thus into the future my thoughts often ran,
And painted the pleasures if I were a man!

When I grew a man, oh! when I grew a man,
And the lessons of life beginning so scan,
The toils and the troubles of every day
Were lasting, though pleasures all melted away.
I found that the world had a mask on its face,
And long had I held but a shadow in chase;
And blight after blight made my roses all fade;
As they wither'd and fell, their thorns were display'd.
The idol I'd worship'd when gaily it shone,
Now stripp'd of its tinsel I found was but stone.
In youth I was counting the years coming on,
And now I look back to the days that are gone.
Past pleasures or future the present destroy,
And I sigh for the pleasures when I was a boy.

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

Cheer up, cheer up, ye toiling ones,
Who labour through the day;
The bread ye eat
Is doubly sweet
For which your labours pay.
'The cold may pinch, the sun may scorch;
But God, who orders best,
Hath fix'd your lot;
Then murmur not,
The night shall bring you rest.

Yes, cheerfully to labour go,
Nor think it a disgrace:

Your God will smile
On honest toil ;
You're filling up your place :
To work from dawn until the sun
Is sinking in the west ;
Yet six days past,
There comes at last
The Sabbath-day of rest.

Bear up, bear up, ye burthen'd ones,
Nor bow to idle sorrow,
For yesterday
Is past away,
And doubtful is the morrow.
Death soon will take your burthen off
With which ye now are prest :
The meanest slave
Within the grave,
Shall find a peaceful rest.

For life is but a busy day,
Then comes the quiet night;
Or like a week
In which we seek
A Sabbath of delight.
The grave a refuge is to all
The weary and distrest:
The body dies
The spirit flies,
And enters into rest.

I WISH THAT HE WAS NOT SO SHY.

I promis'd to tell you the next time we met—
For you know I've no secrets with you—
He has not so much as once mention'd it yet,
And I really don't know what to do.
I think that he loves ; for sometimes by chance
I catch the bright beam from his eye ;
But he looks so confus'd if I give him a glance—
He is so uncommonly shy.

We sat by the window one evening in June,
Inhaling the rose-scented breeze,
When Mary she joked him on marrying soon,
(You know she's a terrible tease.)

Had you seen him at first, he looked this way and that,
On the ground and then up to the sky,
And all the while foolishly coaxing his hat—
'Tis a pity when men are so shy.

Then Mary propos'd we should go for a walk,
If his hat were sufficiently brush'd :
Or should she withdraw now, and leave us to talk?
Then you should have seen how he blush'd.
So we stroll'd down the garden, as faded the light,
When Mary look'd at me so sly,
And remember'd just then she'd a letter to write.
Oh dear, if he was not so shy !

The evening was pleasant, the air was serene,
The dew fell in soft misty showers ;
I gave him two roses with pansies between,
But he knew not the language of flowers ;

He spake of them just as a botanist would,
So learned, so prosy and dry ;
To listen with patience was more than I could.
I don't think that all are so shy.

We enter'd the harbour, sat down on the seat,
And I sought for some little alarm ;
When lo ! a great spider crawl'd close to my feet,
And in terror I clung to his arm :
I pretended to faint (of course nothing less)
On his bosom, as no one was nigh :
Now you would have thought he'd have stol'n a kiss ;
So he would, had he not been so shy.

I begg'd to go in, lest my mother should scold,
Yet I hoped he'd have press'd me to stay ;
But he still was the same, so respectful and cold,
And my fainting was quite thrown away.

He gave me his arm like a Quaker so chaste,
And bade me no longer to sigh;
That arm should have fondly encircled my waist,
Had he not been so foolish and shy.

"Come, child," said my mother, "you stay out too long,"
The moment I enter'd the door;
"Your father he wants you to give him a song,"
And she whisper'd me Byron or Moore:
So I sat down to play, but the truth to confess,
I felt almost ready to cry;
There silent he stood in the window's recess,
Like a novice so timid and shy.

But I sang, "Still so gently o'er me stealing,"
And suited my voice to my theme;
Then I threw all the witchery, pathos and feeling,
I could into "Love's Young dream:"

He thank'd me in terms that were only polite,
And said he must bid me good bye ;
But he press'd not my hand as he bade me good night.
I've no patience with men that are shy.

Perseverance, they say, ever meets its reward,
And if I don't gain him I ought ;
But sometimes I think he's so much on his guard,
That he really is not to be caught.
Now what's your advice? Can you think of a plan?
For I own fairly puzzled am I.
Oh, if fate had been pleas'd to have made me a man,
It should not have been said I was shy.

ILLUSIONS.

How oft, when a boy, as I play'd on the green,
Or sought for the sorrel among the tall grass,
A glittering gem in the sunshine I've seen,
And running have found but a fragment of glass.

When the butterfly open'd its wings on the flow'r,
I've stolen on tiptoe when quiet it lay,
And just as I thought the gay prize to secure
The beautiful creature has flutter'd away.

From flower to flower a wearisome race,
I succeeded at length the treasure to clasp,
And after a breathless and tiresome chase,
The coveted object has died in my grasp.

The glowworm that shines on a warm autumn night
On the ivy-grown bank 'neath the old mossy tree
I've admir'd and caught; but when brought to the light,
'Twas a mean crawling insect loathsome to see.

In years that are gone, how well I remember,
When I woke i'the morn my delight was to stand
And trace on the window in chilly December
The beautiful work of the frost Fairy's hand :

The castles and churches, rocks steep and pointed,
And black Alpine mountains and feath'ry pines ;
Glaciers and icebergs, so jagged and disjointed,
And tall stately ships with masts, streamers, and lines :

And flow'rs more chaste than a young bride's adorning,
Were twin'd round the panes in a fancied wreath :
But as closely I gazed on these gems of the morning,
They melted away with the warmth of my breath.

They faded just like the tints of the rainbow,
Or the structure of dreams the slumberer rears—
As visions of childhood wake but to pain now,
Like hopes of my youth they dissolved in tears.

And this was a dissolving picture, 'tis true,
More perfect than those that are talked much about,
For it vanished away, and revealed to my view
Through the pane the cold world that looked cheerless
without.

Thus still disappointed, and yet allured on
By trifles and toys that retard my progression,
So airy and light that they're hard to be won,
And when they are gained they die in possession.

BEARD OR NO BEARD.

A PARODY.

To shave, or not to shave? That is the question;
Whether 'tis better on the face to wear
The beard, the whiskers, and the curled moustache,
Or by the razor end them. To let it grow—
No more; and by this simple course to say we end
The daily troubles man is heir to.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. To let it grow—
To have it spread, till boys perchance
Shall call me ape or goat! Aye, there's the rub;
For, in the esteem of men of sense how I
May sink when I've gone back to barb'rous customs
Must give me pause. There's the respect
That makes me smooth my chin;

For who would use the lather and the soap,
Or walk abroad with face so feminine,
Or hazard gashes on the lip or cheek,
Or scrape with razor blunt the bristly crop,
That brings a grin on the most placid face
And fills the eyes with tears—or who
Would passive sit beneath the barber's hands,
And stretch his throat to meet the cold blue steel,
When, simply leaving nature to herself,
He might all this avoid; but that the dread
Of what the world might say—that judge that awes,
Aye, often more than conscience—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than flee to others that we know not of?
Thus fashion does make cowards of us all;
And thus the chin of man, whose crops should wave
Like sedges by the brook, is daily mown,
Like to a garden-lawn; and what was once
Thought man's chief ornament is taken from him,
And ought to lose the name of beard.

CHARADES, &c.

I.

My first in every village be,
Where youth and innocence may dwell ;
And wretchedness and poverty
Do oft inhabit there as well.
My second meaneth fashion high
Among the grand and gay ;
A heavy weight also am I,
But what I must not say.
My whole is brought far over sea,
And used by clown and queen ;
And few of my poor first there be
Wherein my whole's not seen.

II.

Beside a clear and winding stream

My first is often found ;

And oft I grace the village scene

On some fair rising ground.

My next a sort of cage or pound,

Or cave within the earth.

My ancient third did oft resound

With minstrelsy and mirth.

My whole's a town of little fame

In Suffelk: can you tell my name?

EPIGRAMS.

A boy went crying down the street,
And chanced a miser there to meet.
"My boy," said he, "you cry so well,
Come tell me what you have to sell."
"Well," said the boy, "if I must say,
I sell just what you give away."

"Why, damn the mill," the miller cried :
"It faster goes than ever."
"You're wrong, you're wrong," his man replied,
"You ought to dam the river."

The Sultan's dinner may be spoil'd,
Unless the helps are quick;
And Turkey, after being broil'd,
Be given to old Nick.

Says Poll to Sue, and rear'd her crest,
And rais'd her voice, "when you came here,
You were so poor and so distress'd,
You had not got a rag to wear."
Sue answer'd quick, "'tis false, you lie;
I'm scandalized by meddling hags,
When first I came 'tis known that I
Had nothing else to wear but rags."

WRITTEN TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD BORROWED THE PASTE POT TO MEND

A PAPER CAP.

When you want some more paste
You can send here in haste,
And be welcome if I have it got :
But when your cap's mended—
Now don't be offended—
Be so kind as to send back the pot.

A BURLESQUE.

Who steals my purse, steals trash,
For there's but little in it;
'Tis something, nothing, for I'm very poor;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, chang'd owners in a minute,
And has a slave to thousands been before:
But he who filches from me my good name,
Which by the by I never had,
Robs me of that which don't increase his fame,
And makes me poorer still, and that's too bad.

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ERRATA.

Page 7, fifth line from the bottom, instead of "*stream*" read "*dream*."

Page 24, first line second Stanza, instead of "Where have *ye* been?" read, "Where have *we* been."

Page 25, at the end of the second verse, substitute a period for the note of interrogation; also "*we*" for "*ye*," first line third verse.

Page 26, last line, instead of "*yourselves*," read "*ourselves*;" also a period instead of the note of interrogation.

Page 79, omit the first line.

Page 142, tenth line, for "*brush*," read "*bush*."

Page 174, tenth line, for "*black*," read "*bleak*."

